

FUCK YOU, READ THIS

December 10th, 2014 ■ Issue No. 19 ■ Volume 105

THE **getaway**

READ THIS, IT'S A LOT MORE INTERESTING THAN YOUR UNIVERSITY TEXTBOOKS

U of A throws away campus

Buster Bluth

IDGAF ■ SEX LINE: 780.492.7308

Students returning to campus to study for final exams were “stunned” and “perplexed” to see that almost all of the University of Alberta campus had been thrown away.

University officials and students thought they would find everything where they had left it, but were “absolutely distraught” to find that 75 per cent of the main campus had been thrown away like garbage.

“We left all the buildings out for the students to use during the time that we were away,” Acting Provost Pickle Olde said on Monday, Dec. 8. “When we returned, all the buildings were gone.”

Students’ Union Vice-President (Student Life) Mickey Spaz said the SU is working to accommodate students who lost their belongings, but the executive have run into problems themselves.

“We’ve been corresponding with both university administration and the student body, so we hope we can provide a medium where both parties are satisfied,” Spaz said. “But the Students’ Union Building was also thrown away.”

Along with the Students’ Union Building, the 15-story Henry Marshall Tory Building, the Education Building, the Engineering Teaching and Learning Complex, which housed hundreds of Apple iMac desktop computers and the Fine Arts Building, which contained hundreds of student’s industrial design portfolios were lost over the weekend.

The total cost of the facilities and buildings costs an estimated \$3.5 billion.

U of A Manager of Facilities Darren Bag said in a press conference on Tuesday, Nov. 11 that his office is searching for answers and is cooperating with Edmonton Police Services.

“We called the University of Alberta Facilities department for answers, but no one had any,” Bag said. “I do have a really nice 53-inch TV now though.”

It was later pointed out to Bag that he was calling himself, to which he declined to comment.

PLEASE SEE **COMICS** • PAGE 22

Inside this burrito is the reason for your tuition hike.



“You only picked this up for 3LF, didn’t you?
Whatever.

#3LF
Somewhere

THE **getaway**
jerkin' at PORNHUB.COM

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Circulation OVER 9,000!

NÜWZ haiku

Hey you, office dad
You are really fucking tall
Looking down on me

NÜWZ haiku

So fashionable
I wish I had your closet
But you smell like cheese

NÜWZ haiku

Wow, you own a hat?
He thinks he's better than us
Just cause he's married

NÜWZ haiku

Richard Richard Rich
ard Richard Richard Richard
Richard Richard Rich

NÜWZ haiku

My lil' reporter :D
Next assignment: write haikus
Cause I am lazy

NÜWZ haiku

Why are you still here?
Get a real job, goddammit
Just can't stay away

NÜWZ haiku

Would you stop yelling?
I can see it in your eyes
From a mile away

NÜWZ haiku

ID GAF, I AM SACK
Most of my cars get good grades
Dating a big head

NÜWZ haiku

Gone after new year
I will miss your ginger hair
And that's about it

NÜWZ haiku

I know you hate me
It's OK, cause I hate you :)
Kevin was better

NÜWZ haiku

She's gonna punch me
Hates me more than Christina
Punches harder, too

gettin bizzy wit it staff

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COMPUTER GUY Oleks Shevchenasdlkfasklkj
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The Getaway is published by the Getaway Student Journalism Society (GSJS), a dictator-run, anonymous, political totally-for-profit organization, operated in accordance with nobody but ourselves. Deal with it.

The Getaway is absolutely embarrassed to be a founding member of the Canadian University Press.

complaints

HAHAHAHA. Fuck you.

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news haiku

Seriously, who's fucking idea was it to start doing news haikus? I've been doing this shit all year blindly without asking questions. How many people actually read these anyways? NONE (except you).



DAD OF THE WEEK Who's your daddy?

streeters

COMPILED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY Dr. Bebbabsss

We hate dad.

BUT WE ASKED...

What do you like most about ur dad?



South West SCIENCE IV

"When he draws me like one of his French girls."



Green Ivy FINE ART III

"When he gives me a big, wet kiss before I go to bed with those thick.. voluptuous... lipsss..."

Jayde Smytt FINE ART III

"How can our dad's be real, if your dad's not real."



Prince Djorge of Cumbridge SCIENCE IV

"When he says, "Yo, baby bitch come eat this crumpet!"

you can program a gui in visual basic?
know your way around google ultron?
you're a tier 3 dungeon master?
haven't showered in 5 months?

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sysadmin section!

where we keep things running for all the
other idiots in the office

THE

IDGAF

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Renowned dino expert makes biggest find yet: God

Gambino
~_(_)/_~

University of Alberta dinosaur expert and professor Philip Blurrie is renouncing his successful career, saying he no longer believes in dinosaurs after discovering the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

During a career spanning decades, Blurrie has found countless terrifying fossils of ancient beasts nestled in the wild and rocky terrain of Alberta's badlands. But the stone cold corpses of dinosaurs eons past couldn't fill the void in his heart, he said, and he's now focusing on embracing his greatest discovery yet, choosing to give up dinosaur digging and start living a holistic life devoted to God.

"You know, I was just out there digging in the mud, and it occurred to me, 'I spend all this time discovering these dumb bones,'" he said. "And the Passion Play was going on just next door, so I swung by to watch Jesus do his thing. It really touched me deeply."

Blurrie will retire in June and said he's looking forward to a life of spiritual devotion. He is already enrolled in theological school in the middle of nowhere, and said he's most excited to make up for all the lies he spread in promoting the theory of evolution. Bible school is really something everyone should do, he said, adding he wishes he was never exposed as

a young child to the total lie that are dinosaurs.

"Fossils are remains of demons left over from the Great Flood," he said. "It makes total sense."

Blurrie currently teaches popular palaeontology courses at the U of

A, including the wildly successful MOOC online course called "Dinosaurs are cool." Hunched over a dusty old desk as he filed away bits of rock from a fresh fossil, Blurrie's lab mate Richard "Crazy Eyes" Rex said he will miss his coworker and friend of 30

years, but said he understands Blurrie's call to serve a higher purpose.

"The only thing that kind of sucks is that now I'll be all alone brushing dust off these fine specimens. Maybe I'll die in this decrepit old lab alone with just these old bones for

company," Rex said. "But if Phil's teaching church or whatever in a few years, I guess I'd go listen. Hell, I'd join a cult if he was the leader."

Some of Blurrie's former students are wondering what exactly got into the former dinosaur enthusiast.



(NOT A) DINO DISCOVERY Dino aficionado Phil Blurrie recently put away his excavation tools and picked up a bible. MR. EILEEN YEP

“I guess dinosaurs are pretty damn cool ... but I guess God’s cool too, whatever.”

NANCY DIGSIT
ATHEIST

Fourth-year science student Nancy Digsit said she'll miss Blurrie's quirky, "kind of strange" lectures about the origins of life, but wishes him well in his future clerical endeavours.

"I still think dinosaurs are pretty damn cool ... but I guess God's cool too, whatever," she said.

Blurrie once said the discovery of a baby T-Rex was his greatest accomplishment, but he said he was all wrong — the fossil was probably just a really old dead cow, and he plans on destroying it promptly.

"There's some museum calling me every five minutes trying to get a hold of that thing, but I don't care," Blurrie said. "It's just a hunk of bones, don't know why I ever cared so much in the first place."

Students protest tuition hikes, their parents don't give a shit

Prince Charming
THIS WHOOOOOOOLE TIME

Hundreds of students from across the province armed with protest signs and megaphones hit up the Alberta Legislature Building in a "rally to prioritize post-secondary education" while their parents worked at day jobs like total plebs.

Pissed-off Poli Sci majors braved the weather on Monday afternoon to make the valiant quest from the U of A's main quad to the Legislature to counter market modifier proposals and high mandatory non-instructional fees (MNIFs).

The Students' Union VP (Never Impressed) Noobly "Market Modifiers" Khindersurprise said the unbearable burden of these hikes will literally make people drop out of school.

"The University of Alberta is on the brink of collapsing," Khindersurprise said, adding that she was inspired to see how supportive students are of each other in a world where nobody gives a shit about them.

Steven (not Steve) Hamilton, a confident fourth-year and aspiring Law student, led the pack chanting slogans like "we want funding now!" and "invest in Alberta's best!"

As he crossed the High Level Bridge, Hamilton mused upon the grand service he provided to the student body through attending the protest. The mere thought of tuition becoming more expensive was "heartbreaking" to him, he said, while observing the ice floes float down the river, mighty like the relenting power of the student voice, united and fearless in a world ab-

sent of post-secondary support.

"Too many promises have been broken," Hamilton whispered through brave tears. "I'm fed up with the lies and trickery from our government. No greater atrocity against human rights has ever been committed on Alberta soil."

While nobody at the rally was super clear on what universities or faculties were proposed to be affected by the market modifiers, Hamilton seemed to have a pretty good idea.

"Law and, like, ALES, I think?" he said, proudly holding a large, fluorescent green sign, reading "NO" in aggressive lettering.

Steven's dad, who pays for his tuition, was at work like other adults during the rally. He didn't "really mind" about the proposed tuition hikes. Rather, he was just pleased that his son had a good time with some new friends.

"Steve was never really interested in sports, so I'm glad he's found something that excites him," the well-dressed patriarch reflected. "Seeing him play with kids his age is refreshing."

Steven's dad has more important things on his plate these days anyway, he said, like reconnecting with his wife and coming to terms with the homosexual agenda.

"Like, we live in Riverbend and have been saving for his education since he was two. A few thousand dollars here and there isn't going to kill us. Maybe he'll just have to get a part-time job during the school year," said Steven's dad.

"Plus, the boy has a 3.3 GPA. No law school's taking him at this point anyway."



WHO CARES? Not parents, that's who. DAVE JAMESON

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PRESENTS

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SU executives: U of A campus community is finally ‘aware’

Dick Ross
GRUNT

Idiot University of Alberta students have finally reached peak “aware” status, Students’ Union executives said Monday at a rally for awareness.

SU President Bill “Smiley” Wow said Tuesday that all the rallies, protests and posters that no one really knows are fighting for have truly raised awareness among the student body.

It’s a trend he hopes resonates throughout the upper levels of provincial government. Despite having already graduated and therefore not having to deal with the bleak future of post secondary education, Wow said he was there to show support for awareness.

“I’m so glad students are finally getting it — being aware is key to the university experience!” He said, in a fit of giggles. “Not only does being aware look great on your resume, it ... well it looks really great on your resume!”

More than 400 students assembled in QUAD Tuesday to rally for awareness. Many held signs with motivational phrases like “awareness is awesome!” and “I care because I’m aware.” Some students were quite

sure what they were being aware of, however.

“You know, I saw that free hot chocolate and the cookies and thought, ‘I’ll just swing by for some free sweets,’ but then I discovered being aware is so important. And really, nothing tastes as good as being aware feels,” first-year Arts student Daisy Dumberdink said. When asked what she was rallying for, specifically, Dumberdink wasn’t entirely sure. “I think, with tuition and the starving kids in Africa, I think that being aware of these things make a big difference,” she said.

SU Vice-President (Excrement) Navy Kindacool was surrounded by a throng of reporters wondering just what exactly the fuck was going on, and what exactly the fuck difference it was going to make.

“Just having all these students here being so aware kind of says it all though right?” Kindacool mused. “They all want change, and that’s a really big statement from our next generation.”

With the recent news of market modifiers leading to increased tuition for many faculties on campus, we asked some students how they felt about the possibility of cutting back on the nights spent drinking

and the days spent shopping for Uggs boots and Lululemon leggings.

“Oh, well my tuition is paid for by my parents,” third-year nursing student Amy Gotitall said, after asking what a market modifier was. “I think you can still look great while being a student, and while being very aware. I also hope there will be some future employers here so I can network.”

▪ **“Just having all these students here being aware kind of says it all though, right?”**

NAVY KINDACOO
VICE-PRESIDENT (EXCREMENT), STUDENTS’ UNION

President Wow said being aware will most likely be a huge part of future SU executive hopefuls as we head into the second semester, and inch closer to SU elections. It doesn’t even matter was you urge students to be aware of, he said, they just have to pretend to give a shit about something.

“People just love a leader who is hyper aware of issues students face,” Wow said. “There are lots of issues happening right now, so I hope we can continue to keep students aware.”



WHO NEEDS SCIENCE? A local mom of three has found the solution to aging. SUPPLIED

Scientists hate her!

Local mother of three discovers natural anti-aging cream

\$4\$\$\$ 4\$\$
@DONIVERSON

In an effort to save money, local mom Martha Smith discovered one weird trick to get rid of her wrinkles and sunspots “like magic.” University of Alberta scientists said that while they are impressed, they are unable to shake the feeling Smith made them look “stupid and silly.”

Martha Smith, a mother of three, said she was looking for a way to return to her youthful splendor when she realized she simply couldn’t afford the expensive brand name anti-aging creams. In a self-proclaimed stroke of genius, Smith, a mother of three, decided to replicate the unaffordable brand creams based on the ingredients found in her own kitchen.

“There were a lot of fancy-shman-cy chemicals I didn’t understand,” Smith said. “I just went with what I know, like ‘vitamins’ and ‘acid’, and it worked out just fine for me.”

Smith, a local single mom of three boys, said her concoction only required a six-dollar pack of vitamin C and a cheap two-liter jug of industrial grade hydrochloric acid (a chemical commonly used by Science). When she got home she was eager to blend her vitamin-acid mixture in her Magic Bullet, and try it out first hand. The results were shocking, said Smith.

The local single mom of three baby boys said she felt a burning sensation as if her wrinkles were simply melting away, and rushed to her mirror to check the results. What she found was surprising.

“Not a single wrinkle, not a single sunspot,” Smith said. “I felt like I

was six again, when I got my first really bad sunburn that peeled to produce nice youthful skin.”

University of Alberta head scientist Jimmy James said that his team had been working to reduce the effects aging for years to no avail. Their studies focused on the correlation of aging related symptoms to the lengths of chromosome terminal ends called telomeres.

“We truly believed we were onto something with telomere lengths,” James said. “It really made sense in the context of previous scientific research. Martha really shook the faith of the science community, and she did it in her own kitchen.”

The team said while they are glad the aging issue is finally at rest, they feel a little silly for dedicating their lives to a problem so easily solved by a local single gun-owning mom of three baby boys. During a press conference on Sunday, James delivered an impassioned statement on behalf of the scientific community.

“While we think her discovery is incredible, Martha has turned decades of painstaking research into garbage, and resulted in huge financial losses for us,” James said. “The scientific community would like to make it clear: we do hate Martha.”

But not everyone is a believer in this simple recipe for a younger face. Bachelor of Science graduate student Alexandra McClymont said she is not entirely convinced the magic cream was quite the miracle cure Smith claims.

“She literally has no face,” McClymont said. “Am I the only one who sees this?”

“Yes, her wrinkles and sunspots are gone. But so is her face.”



TURD DOWN FOR WHAT Last time we use this phrase, I promise. KRIS VUJKA

Deuces to diarrhea campaign underway

Chuck Swirly
ATTA 2.0

A campaign to help those with relentless diarrhea is underway, and University of Alberta Fine Arts students are pushing people not to waste their poop.

A new technique developed by U of A gastroenterologist Maharaja Parikshit-Bowler helps people tormented by chronic bacterial diarrhea to final flush away their need to excrete by using fecal samples from healthy people. The procedure involves using fecal samples from those with healthy bowels, to make a solution used to ward off bad bacteria in patients.

In response to this, a group of U of A visual arts students have banded together to raise awareness around the importance of poop donation.

Dire-need-ha Campaign co-founder Blake Logger said that the situation is one that should be more known in the public.

“People may think that poop may be a strange topic to talk about,” Logger said, “But the situation for some of these patients is dire, and their lives have been greatly affected.”

Logger said his mother suffered from chronic diarrhea and noted that people never really understood the extreme nature of her ailment.

He said the disease made her lose her confidence, and affected her energy levels.

“She seldom allowed herself to participate in social events due to an overwhelming fear that she would be stricken with another episode,” he said.

His mother experienced sharp bouts of pain, low levels of energy, and developed social anxiety, he said. Logger said that he now fully supports this new technique, which has been seen to be effective.

“It’s improving lives,” Logger said. “Who knew poop could cause such anguish?”

Logger and a group of 11 students are now urging people to donate their stool to the cause. The campaign slogan urges people to “Drain the Pain. Donate a Deuce.”

Third year visual arts student Sky Brown said that this is just one more avenue for people to do goodwill in the community.

“It is so much easier than donating blood,” Brown said. “There’s no needles, and it’s as simple as walking in and taking a shit.”

Brown, who runs a bi-annual blood drive within her department, said that she is considering running the first competitive inter-faculty poop drive in 2015.

“There’s heaps and heaps of potential here to make a difference in

a way we have never done before,” Brown said.

Dr. Parikshit-Bowler said the awareness campaign would increase the public’s knowledge of a matter on a potential silent-killer. He said he hoped the efforts of the 11 students will draw more donors to their clinic at the U of A hospital.

“There is a stigma surrounding poop,” she said. “But we have found a way to make waste useful — no matter how unconventional — and now we are saving lives.”

Fourth-year visual arts student Betty Flash donated \$500 towards the campaign. She explained how she sold off an art piece named Montezuma’s Revenge, which she created to visually depict the bowel struggle that these patients endure.

“At first, it seemed like a silly issue,” she said. “But after taking that leap and donating some of my poop, I realized that this is cause that needs attention.”

Flash’s support for the cause inspired her to make the piece in hopes that it would support the campaign, which will end on Jan 15.

“Before I made a donation, I always flushed the toilet without hesitation” Flash said. “Now, I always think twice.”

“One man’s trash may be another man’s treasure, but in this case one man’s waste is man’s medicine.”



THEgetaway

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TOP FIVE NEWS Because fuck it, everyone else is doing it.

1



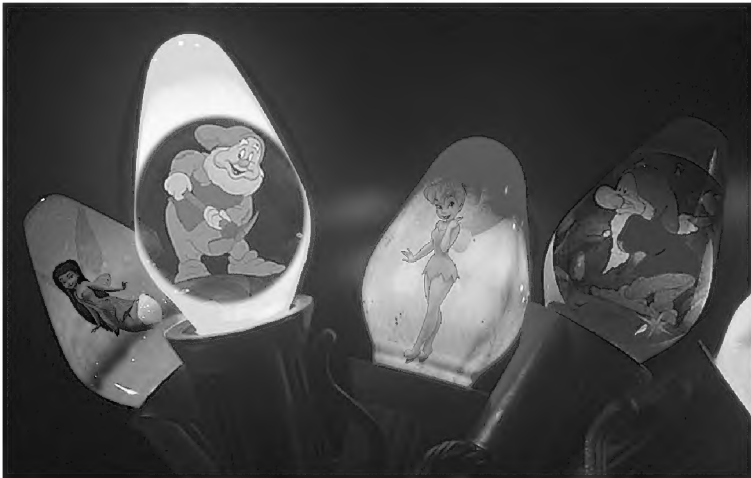
Prime Minister of Canada Stephen Harper smoked marijuana for the first time on April 20. He greened out just 20 minutes later. Harper decided on April 21 that the illicit drug would remain illegal in Canada.

2



Fans of the popular Jurassic Park series were treated to a new trailer, which debuted on Nov. 24. It was later revealed that Jurassic World, which is scheduled to be released on June 12, 2015, is actually a documentary filmed in Guatemala using real dinosaurs.

3



University of Alberta students were delighted to see QUAD illuminated with multi-coloured Christmas lights this winter. But after further inspection, it appeared that the bright bulbs actually imprisoned glowing Disney characters inside of them.

4



Doritos are just another method the Illuminati is using to control the world. Going under the codename "Operation Illumi-acho," the discovery came after renowned Illuminati scientists found that Doritos share the same shape as the pyramid used in Illuminati symbolism. To find out more about the Illuminati, follow The Getaway on YouTube for a revealing documentary on their grip on the U of A.

5



Liberal Party of Canada Leader Justurd Trudeau was spotted at a Lil' Jon, Usher and Ludacris reunion earlier this year. Fans were surprised to see the politician there, but were floored when he started taking stoned selfies with the crowd. Trudeau then called Prime Minister of Canada Stephen Harper a "fucking pussy" for greening out after smoking too much marijuana on April 20.

Gargantuan Mecha Indiba to debut soon

Dave Jameson
@THEDIDDYJAM

University of Alberta students can rest easy knowing that soon, President Indiba Samarasaint will have her consciousness replicated and installed in a 300-foot tall robot, whose prime directive is campus security.

The robot — dubbed Mecha Indiba — is currently under construction inside the mammoth Mechanical Engineering building that is also nearing completion in the already over-developed nexus of engineering buildings.

Mecha Indiba will be equipped with state-of-the-art weaponry and surveillance equipment, all meant to protect students of the U of A. When successfully deployed, Mecha Indiba will eliminate the need for University of Alberta Protective Services and SafeWalk. Her many pacification abilities extend for miles, and she can be deployed anywhere on campus within 30 seconds, owing to a huge rocket jetpack.

When not patrolling the campus, Mecha Indiba will double as a statue, a testament to President Samarasaint's esteemed tenure as campus ruler. Designed by renowned Japanese tech-giant Cool Robots 'R Us, the statue will draw the eyes of all who bear witness.

"Mecha Indiba will be clad in a beautiful exterior of pure gold and bejeweled with only the finest diamonds." Mecha Indiba Lead Designer Mitsubishi Makamura said. "At a price tag of \$932 million, she will not disappoint."

President Samarasaint commissioned the building of the giant robot after being criticized for

spending University money too frivolously. Coincidentally, one of Mecha Indiba's armaments is called the 'Critic Crusher 4000.'

Further analysis by a third-party revealed facial recognition software integrated into the machine that will identify students and cross-reference their faces with a list of students overdue on payments. The robot will have the capability to capture students owing overdue fees and tuition. Those captured will likely have their organs harvested to make up for the money still owed.

When asked if it was really necessary to construct such a technological terror, Samarasaint explained that it was a crucial step forward for the U of A.

"Not only is the engineering area of campus more important to me, but so too is the reputation I leave there. Anyone who thinks this is a bad idea won't be here for long," Samarasaint said. "Not only will 'Mecha Me' serve to protect the campus and silence my critics, it will intimidate the politicians across the river into upping our funding."

When asked if the potential increase in funding would lead to a reduction in tuition, Samarasaint said yes, but added that it massive market modifiers — whatever the hell they are — would likely follow any reduction in tuition.

Special interest student groups opposed to the giant robot have begun a crowd funding initiative that will seek to grow a giant dinosaur-like creature in the basement of the Biological Sciences building, with hopes that it will keep Mecha Indiba in check. It has been aptly named Terpisaurus Rex, and will resemble Godzilla.



インデイラ!

CAVEMAN SHANCK

THROWN OUT • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1
U of A President Idiki Samasara said she has promised to refund tuition for all students who were affected.

Samasara has offered to waive the entire student body's tuition for the remainder of the semester while they investigate the shambolic mishap. She recognized students' "eye for catastrophic fuck ups by the university."

Not all students are mourning the loss of their campus, though.

Faculty of Engineering students who lost all of their facilities didn't even notice they were gone, as new buildings were constructed overnight. Engineering Students Society President Noah T. Aclue said this is an opportunity to "show that engineers run the world" when they're not hunkered down in their 14 classes per semester.

■ "How can we go to school if there is no school to go to?"

A.E. BALHOCKE
BALL HOCKEY

"What are you talking about? This was always the plan to build the Preparation H & Maxi-Tampon Centre for Interdisciplinary Engineering," Aclue said.

But second-year industrial design student A.E. Balhocke, who lost his entire design portfolio in the ordeal, said Tuesday afternoon that he hadn't yet heard about the university's plan to waive tuition, but said he will transfer to MacEwan University in January.

"Finally they have responded to us, but we've had enough," Balhocke said "How can we go to school if there is no school to go to?"

"We're making a statement in going to MacEwan. That place fucking sucks, but at least they have functioning buildings."

YOUR OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER **gateway** AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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EDITORIAL COMPLAINT! Pussy-ass millennial students finally get a dose of real world

Earlier this term, a story broke about how a U of A student and HUB resident returned home this fall to find many of the possessions they'd left in their room thrown away. And to that, I say, excellent work, Indira.

All year, the threat of market modifier increases and tuition hikes have hung over university students. And my only problem with this is that too much notice has been given to students, too much time has been spent gauging their opinions.

We've all grown too comfortable and complacent with our cushy, bourgeoisie educations. We've forgotten what life is really like and how quickly the sting of defeat can catch us all by surprise. This is why I completely endorse our university acting in a more authoritarian and ruthless role towards students. Need more money to become a globally top-ranked university? Surprise students with tuition "bonuses." U of A students thought they were only going to have to pay the usual amount for tuition, until out of nowhere, a bonus is added to their fee. What if that still doesn't pay the bills, or you've got some hot shot researcher you want to convince to teach a class they'll inevitably hate? Just steal your students' shit and sell it off in a yard sale on Quad.

This teaches students an important trait: street smarts. You see, out there in the real world, on "the streets" for instance, there's no student consultation. No one waits around to hear what you have to say about life tuition going up, sometimes that shit just happens.

University officials shouldn't be proud producing the smartest graduates in the world, but instead aim for a more realistic goal. With this focus on showing less respect to their student body, the U of A could be producing pound-for-pound the toughest students in the world. Let's take it a step further and open up a boxing ring for students to compete in. Loser has to pay the winner's tuition. By the end of four years, the only graduates left will be able to take any pansy-ass Harvard or Princeton grad in a fight. And really, that's what the real world's all about.

Today's millennial youth are all about apathy, drugs and social media. University students just sit in circles, napping, passing around a bong and making impassioned Facebook posts to their friends about social justice. It's a load of meaningless crap. And it's turning our graduating youth into wimps.

The university's methods to solve this, like surprising students with empty dorm rooms and forcing tuition hikes on them, are perfect. No mercy. Our school finally took a look at the world around them, with this young, entitled and slacker generation, and they're doing something about it by screwing them over. Good for you, U of A. Bravo.

When you step out of your sheltered little university bubble, you'll soon realize that the world is a cold and unforgiving place that doesn't give a damn for your own opinion. If a store wants to raise its prices, IT JUST DOES IT. That's just Economics 101. The U of A is teaching its students Life 101 right now and we should all embrace it.

There's too many damn liberal, left-wing hippies making a mess of this campus and of our student life. I know they want to think their shit don't stink, but lean a little bit closer and they'll see that their university tuition really smells like poo-poo.

Yeah.

You can write in to your little student newspapers, have your little student protests and march to your little hearts' desires, but at the end of the day, you're just being a pansy. WAKE UP!

Some Douche
EDITOR-IN-TRUTH

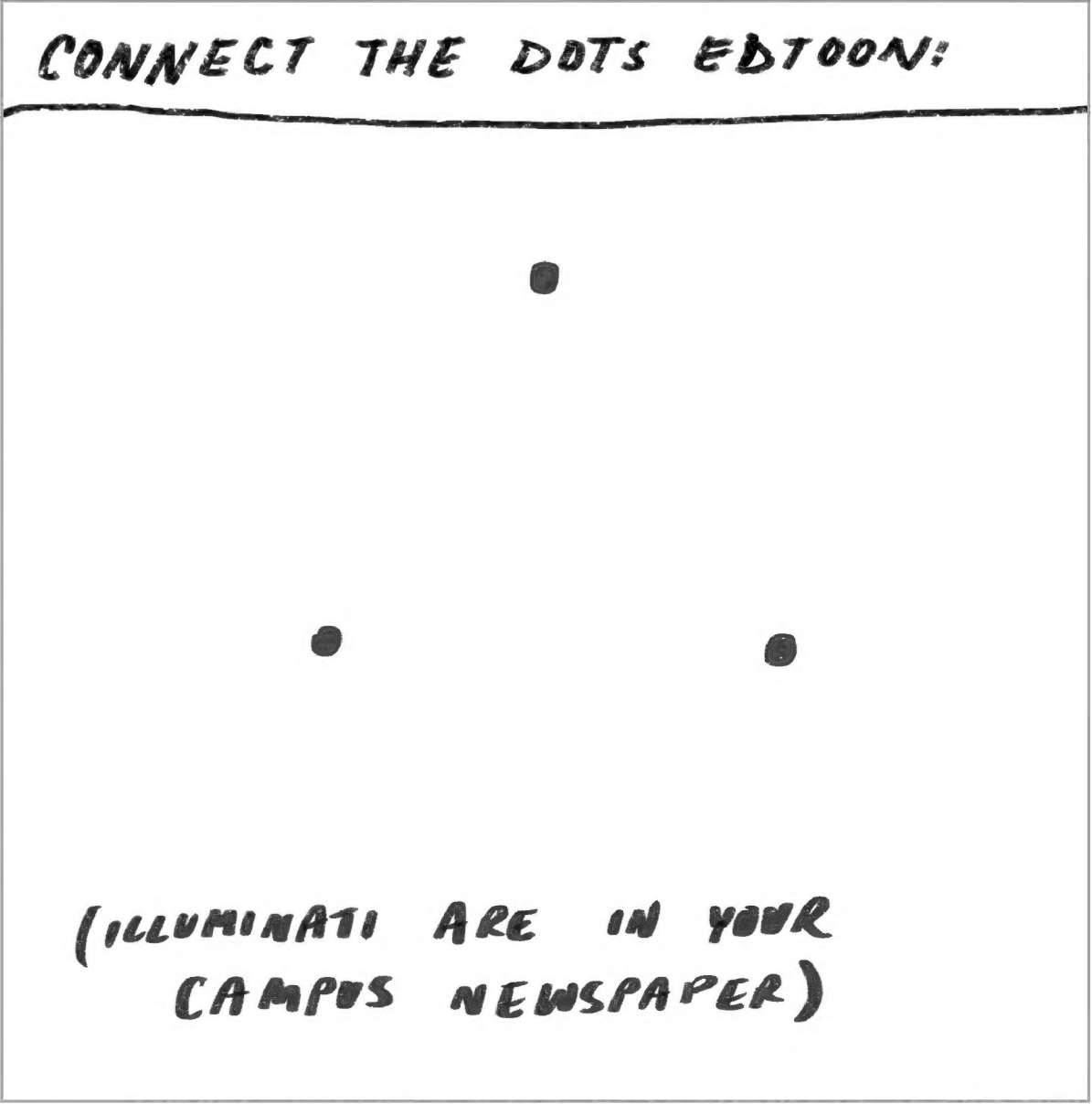
WHY THIS ISSUE SHOULDN'T MAKE U MAD What's going on? What is this shit?

HEY, KIDS. YOU MIGHT NOTICE SOMETHING LOOKS A LITTLE different. A little ... not right.

Don't worry though, it's just our annual joke issue, *The Getaway*. If you've made it this far, congratulations. We've parodied ourselves and everything we found funny this year. It's offensive, hilarious, a little stupid, but hey, that's what you need during finals season, right? A little break from the pain of academia. I hope you've enjoyed it. Now go back to studying.

If you're freaking out reading this thinking, "what happened to my beloved *Gateway*?" calm down. We'll be back Jan. 7 with a fresh new issue full of the usual shenanigans you know and love.

Midnight Demon
WU-TANG-CHIEF



IT'S JUST THE SAME PERSON AS IT IS EVERY OTHER WEEK, LIKE YOU EVEN NOTICE! THE EDTOON GETS NO THANKS, NO PRAISE, NO RESPECT AROUND HERE AND I'VE HAD IT

You're mad You're not even a real journalism

I'm outrage at what transpired last week. I am offended at your blatant disregard for common human decency of last week's events. You should be ashamed; your company has a long established tradition of noble men and women who all worked together to make it what it is today. That you dare besmirch their reputation with the garbage you gave out last week sickens me. I will no longer be recommending you to my family as I have done at countless reunions and Christmas dinners. You might blame it on a simple mixup, but even if that's the case, you should all learn that the real world won't allow for mixups. Your employees are a disgrace to the golden arches I hold dear to my heart. My stomach churned with disgust, my bowels emptied in sheer frustration. All I wanted was three junior chickens and a small Frutopia, but instead you gave me two McDoubles and an Orange Crush. My children cried for hours and my husband died from throat cancer two months ago. Shame on you, McDonalds, shame on you.

McLovin'
ARTS IV

Where'd the god damn crossword go, ya bish?

I picked up your shitrag of a paper last week because I thought you might've had the decency to put in a god damn crossword for once.

But nope, nothing. How the fuck do you expect your readers to give a damn

if you don't even have a fucking crossword? I don't give a shit about what some two-bit researcher discovered about a bullshit disease in Africa. I don't need to hear the opinions of some bitch kid who took Poli Sci 101. I don't give a flying fuck about Edmonton Indie Band #15322. And I'd rather wipe my dick with barbed wire than read about the fucking Bears and Pandas.

The only thing salvaging your awful excuse for a newspaper is the crossword, but you didn't even bother putting one in last week. Fuck it, I don't even go here, I'm only here to work on the SUB renovations. I'll be glad when we're done so I don't have to lay eyes on your racks ever again.

Avery Bignob
ARTS IV

Respect for the dragonfolk

Hi I would just like to let you know that I do not approve of how you use gendered pronouns in all of your articles. How do you know if someone you talk to prefers to go by he or she? Who are you to gender them for them?

As a dragonkin, I go by drac, drim, and dracself. You wouldn't be able to tell by just looking at me as I am human-male-presenting, but I would expect you to have the decency to ask. And no, using "they" doesn't cut it. That's extremely offensive as it leads to the erasure of those who have headmates such as my friend Kyyarilk. If you wish to educate yourself some more, and you should, you'll find much literature on Tumblr.

Azuregos
DRAGON & GENDER STUDIES IV

Hatin' on Haikus

Fuck, your haikus suck
This shit isn't even hard
Get a fucking job

Violent Contender
ARTS IV

Misogyny alive and well in the pages of The Gateway

Dear misogynist student newspaper,

On behalf of all women, ladies, bitches, sluts and people who know females, I am appalled.

Not just appalled. I am horrified. I am mad, revolted, jostled and, well, frankly upset. Super irritated. As I sit here, on my throne of royal womanhood, stroking my glorious shroud of pubic hair, I have realized that I am pretty pissed off, filled with the warriorlike rage of Her Highness, Xena. I'm so furious, I could pluck a man's phallus from the moist, oppressive nest of his scrotum.

Holy shit. I need a Tylenol.

I'm disgusted as a literate human being, but more importantly, as a woman. Did you know that I'm a feminist too? I understand that as a trash-ass student rag you probably don't understand what I'm talking about. That's probably why, as a collective group of writers and editors, you decide to maliciously and personally attack my opinions like it's a GAME. Maybe you should get a Tumblr or something.

Sincerely,
A feminist of Edmonton

Avery Bignob
GENDER STUDIES II



NO SAFE SPACE FOR FEMINISTS.

Intervention: sitting down with the U of A student body



Come at Me, Bro
VIA COMMENTS

University of Alberta student body, look me in the eye. Look me in the eye, please. Thank you. I have something very serious to tell you now. You're not going to like it, but this is something you have to know for your own good. Here is some Kleenex.

University of Alberta Student Body, you're morbidly obese. You are nearly 40,000 students large. Yes you are. Don't squirm or we'll have to tighten the restraints, ok? Good.

You think you're thin. You think you're going about in the name of fitness. But listen to me. Look me in the eye, please. What are the buildings shaped like along 116 Street? You know what they look like. The Butterdome is shaped like a big square of yellow butter. Yes, it is. And now that new building, what does it look like? Hm?

If you don't want to tell me, I'll tell you. It's shaped like a Klondike cone. And that rock climbing wall? Those colourful rocks look like Nerds, don't they? You know it's true. Stop squirming, please. Nurse, tighten the restraints.

Now, University of Alberta Student Body, what have you done for a Klondike? Well, let's see here. You've given up 20 Arts programs and cut 121 faculty members last year. And when you finally stood up, you found \$50 million under you ass.

Here's the deal. No one wants to take care of you anymore. You're practically bursting at the seams by now, it's nearly impossible to stand the sight of you at this point, let alone try and help you as you just keep expanding. All the other universities are starting to think you're an extremely obese technical college. You just made me puke in my mouth a little bit.

You call it fitness, but no one sees you getting any slimmer. You just want to get as fat as you possibly can. You're a disgrace. Don't cry.

Nurse, fetch the needle please.

I'm here to distract you from how short this story actually is, don't think about it too much. I'm just here as a space-filler. You'd like to think that everything in a newspaper is there for a purpose, there to inform and enlighten, to challenge and provoke you. In reality, there's just so much white space to fill. So many pages. That's the depressing truth of life. You think that there must be some greater purpose to it all, but in reality, it's only about filling space whatever way that you can.

the cement stoop

COMPILED BY Cold Contrarian

Living here in Edmonton, most people bitch about the winter weather and fantasize about moving somewhere warmer so that they can escape, but I don't. Instead, when I hear people complaining and complaining, I fantasize about it getting colder here, to the point where the haters would all freeze to death and I would be left in blissful solitude. No more complaining—the only people left here in this frozen wasteland of my fantasies would be those who genuinely want to be here. How cool (pun intended) would it be to live in a place that's -60 all the time? No more crazy traffic congestion or asshole tailgaters in giant pickup trucks because everyone would

need sleds drawn by polar bears to get from place to place, and man, those would be slow. Our other alternative would be snowshoeing or skiing everywhere, making being fit a necessity (which could only be an improvement). Those two options are probably ones that nobody would want to take, though, because -60 is a terrible temperature to walk in.

Additionally, we could stop being totally dependent on gasoline because we would no longer need it for the cars that we would normally drive. We'd probably still need oil for heating, but we wouldn't use as much as we do now.

Picture this: no more urban sprawl — everyone would need to live close together because it would be way too fucking cold to walk outside for more than a minute. Just in case, we could build tunnels between the main buildings and stay warm that way. But not

too many tunnels, otherwise we could end up with the same population issues that lead frequently to this fantasy. We would never, ever run out of ice for cocktails, and we could even sculpt our buildings out of ice and line them with hay bales — a super-environmentally-friendly approach that could also save us shit-tons of money in the long run.

So when haters be hatin on Edmonton weather, just be glad you're not living in my fantasy, because you'd probably be frozen solid while I enjoy my ultra-warm parka on a bed made of ice.

The Cement Stoop is a semi-regular feature where a person or group talks about something that they think is OK. Not terrible, not great. Just kind of there, ya know? Like what you would see on a cement stoop. It's not necessarily bad, but nothing that interesting. Ya know?



THEgetaway

YOUR OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF KOALAS

EDMONTON’S REALLY FUCKING COOL, OKAY! RIVER VALLI



#YEGGIE
#Desperate
JUSTMAKESOMETHING

Edmonton is obviously one of the best cities in Canada, and if you can't recognize that then fuck you, you idiot. Edmonton is a hub for entertainment and culture basically year round, why can't you see that? The weather is beautiful, and, sure, winters get pretty cold, but they only last 6-8 months of the year. It's barely noticeable! The cold air only physically hurts to breathe some days, but you just get used to it after awhile.

If you can stick out that winter, Edmonton really peaks in July. The festivals liven the city up, drawing people outside. Our local fair K-Days

is even almost half as good as the Calgary Stampede. Some believe that it's actually the second greatest outdoor show on earth. Just skip the crowds at Stampede and stay in Edmonton. It's a city steeped in culture. In what other city is there a jazz festival? Or a food festival? Or a folk festival? I can't think of any that I've lived in. So all our cultural bases are covered.

The river valley is another OBVIOUS highlight to anyone in Edmonton. There are so many parks to choose from, each one more beautiful than the last. I just love the view of the majestic North Saskatchewan River. It's actually fed from the runoff of a glacier, little known fact. The river valley is a testament to the natural beauty of Edmonton. It's got all the essentials; trees, grass, trees, picnic tables, trees and tents. What truly makes the River Valley

so truly one-of-a kind though is the year round camping population. What would the experience of a picnic with friends or a jog through the River Valley be without a friendly wave to the folks living in said park? It's honestly one of the friendliest neighbourhoods in the city.

Vancouver may have Stanley Park with its ocean view but really, who wants to look at an entire ocean? What an eyesore. I'll stick with just our beautifully majestic yet modestly subtle river. It's a perfect metaphor for our city where there's never TOO MUCH to look at going on, thank goodness.

I for one, don't understand how anyone could call a beautiful metropolis such as this, Deadmonton. Edmonton is both a cultural hub located in a region of natural beauty. It's the perfect city if you can just get past its mediocrity.



A CITY CHAMPIONING MEDIOCRITY

Crack the whip! Engineers not complaining nearly enough about class yet



Arts
Privilege
CHECK IT

You know that table of engineers in CAB or that one mecchie you put up with having around because he's only fun after a few tequilas? Well, I'm here to give them more ammunition in their favourite conversation. Quite simply, they should have more classes.

Since it's such a point of outrageous pride in the hermetically sealed northwest corner of campus,

I wonder why we don't give these people what they want. Put bunkbeds in the new temples to engineering erected by Indira, the Lord High Priestess of All Things Algebraic and Conqueror of the Inferior Arts Faculty. Once all the engineers can sleep there full time, wall-off the engineering buildings into a fortress of mathematical solitude, where the official language is C++ and the religion of choice is calculus. Turn their Beartracks schedule builders into a rainbow of labs, lectures and seminars; all of them taking place in their fortress. The engineers could stand guard on the walls between their 10 lectures per day, their laser guns looking down on the lava-filled

moat which defends them from the evil forces of the FAB building.

▪ **Oh fuck, it's happening again. Just don't pay attention, it'll all be over soon.**

All these modifications would be funded, of course, by whoring out their academic integrity to their newly minted deities. I refer here to Shell, BP, and Enbridge. Go ahead, get more classes, and build more cool shit; it'll stop you from having to come up with an original conversation around your lunch table.

In addition, because of these extra classes and the increased strain they experience, perhaps the engineers should find another way to advertise how horrifically full their schedules are; my proposition comes from *The Hunger Games*. Like tributes in the arena, they too, should have a cannon which sounds every time one of them falls unconscious after staying awake for 35 straight hours and is crushed under the weight of their textbooks. After the 21-gun salute, they should have their name, major and schedule projected into the night sky so others may look on from the lowly Humanities Centre and finally acknowledge their academic and indeed moral

superiority.

It's high time we gave the eminent Engineering faculty all the credit they deserve, and giving them more classes is a great way to do it. They'll have so many classes, the only thing they'll want to talk about outside of class is how many classes they're in, and how great is that? Frankly, the engineers deserve more classes. Feed them numbers until they hallucinate multi-variable calculus and dream about re-bar structures. For all the hard work they do, they deserve to have more of what they love. Let the engineers have more classes, because the rest of us really want to hear that conversation more.

You when you volunteer →

← MULTIMEDIA!

gateway MULTIMEDIA

Meetings every Wednesday at 2pm.

Ladies Night: A journey through sexism in search of hope



White Knight
HERO

While socially conscious rappers like Macklemore put out songs like “Same Love” (a pro-gay marriage anthem) and “Can’t Hold Us” (a song about women breaking free of the “power” embrace of the patriarchy) other rappers do little more than promote abhorrent chauvinism. A perfect example of this is “In Da Club” by rapper Fifty Cents. It promotes sexual conquests, “ass shaking” and excessive use of “feel good” drugs. Perhaps most disgusting is the fact that Mr. Fifty Cents name does nothing to address the fact that women get paid 75 cents for EVERY DOLLAR a man makes. Despite my best judgment, I had to see this place with my own eyes. The realities were much worse than anything I’d heard in “I’m In *THE Club”

*I’m sorry it’s just proper grammar

I went out on a Wednesday, the promise of “Ladies Night” was tantalizing. I pictured a place of discussion and tolerance. A temporary female utopia, where only the most tolerant men were allowed to enter. The DJ would play soft contemporary Jazz with the occasional up-tempo empowerment track such as “Girls Run the World” or “Single Ladies.” I prepared for intelligent conversation and witty debate, gathering up my well-worn copies of “Alice Paul: Starving for Equality” and “Hate Male: Love Letters ARE Oppression.” Unfortunately, that evening my superior knowledge of all things feminism would be drowned out by hip hop songs that only come up short of asking women to give up their right to vote!

I arrived at “the club” around 9:30 p.m. Before being able to step a foot inside, I was greeted by a strong wall of oppression. A mix of Axe Body Sprays, most likely with names such as “Pre-19th Amendment America” and “Male Gaze,” which featured commercials where a woman’s blouse pops open excitedly at the idea of being objectified. Holding my breath I strode through

it unfazed. It would take more than the smell of male desire to stop someone as well versed in feminism as myself. When I made it inside I immediately felt my righteous heart sink into my stomach. It appeared as though a vat of testosterone had spilled across the dance floor. Unchecked privilege everywhere.

They looked like cavemen when they danced. Furiously rubbing their denim jeans on unsuspecting women, in a vain attempt to turn friction to fire. Other men formed huddles, gathering together to either discuss the latest football strategy, or to take their penises out and spin them around for each other’s amusement. I wasn’t sure which. The levels of privilege were at such heights, that I wouldn’t have been surprised to see a group of elderly congressmen playing a game of keep away with a young woman’s birth control. Shameful. Susan B. Anthony would be rolling in her grave, if it weren’t for the fact that presenting her backside might act as an invitation to be grinded on. My strong diet of feminist literature and second wave-feminism wasn’t enough to ease the sick feeling in my stomach. Fighting every desire to head for the door, I decided to perform one social-justice act before leaving this place forever.

At the bar I saw a damsel in distress. Aggressively, I pushed my way through the dance-floor. If the American suffragist movement taught me anything, it was that being polite would only delay my goals. Upon reaching the bar, I wedged myself between them. “AS LONG AS THERE IS A HIERACHY OF POWER BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN THIS ACT IS AN UNPROVOKED SEXUAL ASSAULT” I shouted, in an attempt it establish myself as the alpha male. It was the only language these animals seemed to understand.

The poor girl responded by telling me everything was fine, and that this was her “boyfriend.” In all my years of protecting women from men, this was the worst case of Stockholm syndrome I’d ever come across. “HE DOESN’T OWN YOU!” I turn toward the jock, putting a finger in his chest, “I BET YOU VIEW HER UTERUS AS A PIECE OF LAND YOU GET TO CONQUER!”



NO SAFE SPACE FOR FEMINISTS.

In one of the most shocking displays of unchecked privilege I’ve ever witnessed the “boyfriend” responded, “What’s your problem? We’re just trying to have a good time! Why are you coming in here and yelling at me and my girlfriend?” Typical male response I thought laughing to myself. Clearly I would need to speak louder to get my point across. “LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING SIR! A WOMAN DOES NOT COME WITH A VOLUME KNOB THAT ADJUSTS FOR YOUR PLEASURE!” I put a sisterly arm around the frightened woman, “WE WILL NOT LOWER OUR VOICES FOR ANY MAN!”

My re-assuring, bi-gendered embrace gave her all the strength of Mother Gaia during these tough times. So much so that it attracted the attention of former sports jocks, attempting to re-enforce society’s gender roles before this glowing display of female empowerment got out of control. Muscle-bound men

in tight black T-shirts converged on me.

“Sir you’re going to have to leave”. I pulled out a laminated copy of the 19th amendment motioning to every strong woman in the club, “WE HAVE EVERY RIGHT A MAN DOES! WE DON’T HAVE TO GO ANYWHERE!” Strong hands gripped my shoulders and I was dragged towards the door. This was my Alice Paul moment, I was going to be thrown in jail for challenging gender norms. “YOU CANNOT FORCE-FEED ME YOUR HIERARCHY! I AM ON A HUNGER STRIKE UNTIL WE GET JUSTICE!” All eyes were on me. The men’s looks seemed to say “Oppress this troublemaker to fullest extent of the patriarchy!” The women’s said “Thank you for understanding our struggle. Thank you for standing up for us.”

I will likely never spend another night in “I’m In The Club.” However, I have spent countless nights imagining what became of that girl I briefly

saved. Maybe she’s still being blissfully oppressed by her “boyfriend,” following society’s dream for her to double major in “unrealistic body standards” and “stay-at-home motherhood.” Some nights I’m more optimistic, believing she was inspired by my heroics, and now takes to the streets to fight for social justice.

Regardless, I’m sure my small actions inspired change in a number of the women that night. Maybe one will become a gender studies major, while another attempts to bring down the man through clever signs and protesting. And hopefully, one of them will make the the next hit club banger, “Hands Off,” a song that breaks down Kate Millett’s Sexual Politics into easy to follow lyrics underscored by heavy dub-step. But until the day that (c)rap music is made up of a little more Macklemore and A LOT less Misogyny, I’ll leave the club, the “ass-shaking” and the eventual hangover to the patriarch.

3 (or more, take as much as you want, no, it’s FINE) Lines of missed connections/confessions

Got something that you need to get off your mind? Call us but don’t be a creep. And stop sending me spam. don’t want to buy MLB merchandise. I’m not interested in this piece of real estate. And I don’t know how to find your grandson.

I was studying in a room in ETLC. You came in and used it after I left. We passed each other in the hallway, but only for a second. The only thing warmer than the heated doorknobs in there is my desire for you.
We drove by each other on a crowded highway.
I let you merge into my lane. I waved and smiled. You waved back and I think you would’ve smiled too.
I walked up to the register to pay for my meal. The whole thing cost \$14.99 and I was one cent short. You told me to keep the change. I’ll never forget that.
I wrote an article for The Gateway and you left a comment telling me how stupid my opinion was. It was so thoughtful of you to notice me. I miss you.
We sat beside each other on a crowded bus one day. Through all the noise and nonsense of everyday life, I heard you listening to The Beatles on your iPhone.

I asked “Is that The Beatles?” And you responded with nothing, your music was too loud. But you didn’t need to speak, we’re perfect for one another. We like all the same things.
Let’s elope.
We hooked up once. It was a solid 6/10. Thanks for that.
I saw you for the first time at Transformers 4, and while I don’t know for sure, I think I saw you again at Mockingjay. Despite Mark Wahlberg’s Oscar-worthy performance, I couldn’t take my eyes off the back of your head. It was ridiculous. Find me.
I spilled coffee all over you on the first day of classes. You screamed in pain, and I ran away. But really all I wanted was to spill the love from my heart all over you instead. One day.
You were crunk at Lil Jon. And so was I. We’re soulmates.
Rutherford Library. Silent Floor. I farted, what I thought was but an innocent, quiet fart. But you looked

up. Your eyes met mine from across the room. Disgust. Revulsion. And that was only after we fucked. But it was still pretty good.
You stood behind me in the line at CAB Tim Horton’s. I bought a double double, you bought a double double. I always wanted to tell you that.
You stood behind me in line at the Traveling Tickle Trunk. I bought a ball stretcher, you bought a ball stretcher. I always wanted to tell you that.
I saw all of the social justice articles you posted on Facebook and thought ‘Wow. You’re so right.’ Run away with me, and leave all the world’s ignorance behind. For feminism.
I loved you once, but you ran for students council and I lost respect for you.
I wanted to hook up with you once, but you started working for The Gateway and I lost all respect for you.
I’m sorry, this whole thing was silly.

Confession:
I love market modifiers.
Confession:
I go to council but I’m not actually a councillor. I just think it’s interesting. Please don’t tell anyone
Confession:
I go to council just to eat the free food.
Confession:
I just didn’t like Dr. Who all that much, I don’t get it.
Confession:
Harry Potter just isn’t very good, STOP YELLING AT ME
Confession:
I will never be as excited for a child’s birth as much as I was for that Star Wars trailer
Confession:
butts
Confession:
I only pick up The Gateway to read 3 Lines Free
Embarrassing Confession:
I read The Gateway
Confession:
I hate butts

Confession:
Toy Story 3 was just OK to me.
These are my confessions
Just when I thought I said all I could say, My chick on the side said she got one on the way
These are my confessions
Man I’m thrown and I dont know what to do, I guess I gotta give part 2 of my confessions
If I’m gonna tell it then I gotta tell it all, Damn near cried when I got that phone call
I’m so throwed and I don’t know what to do, But to give you part 2 of my confessions
Now this gon’ be the hardest thing I think I ever had to do, Got me talkin’ to myself askin’ how I’m gon’ tell you
‘bout that chick on part 1 I told ya’ll I was creepin’ with, creepin’ with
Said she’s 3 months pregnant and she’s keepin’ it
I hope this was informative
butts
butts
butts

Literally Buzzfeed

A & C Editor
Pontiac Sunfire

Phone
just yell

Email
hot_slut_69@hotmail.com

Myspace
ScEnE_qUeEn87

Volunteer
Only if you own some vinyl

antisocial intercourse

COMPILED BY **Colorado**

Hand

Left or right arm
Free

There's nothing more discrete to keep around as a sex toy than your hand. Bring it on a vacation to visit the grandparents or use it during a boring lecture. Your hand is a must-own for all your masturbation needs, since you can control every little movement to maximize pleasure. You know what you like best, after all. You're the master of your own pleasure!

And, best of all, you're not putting weird chemicals onto or into your body. Natural, raw, and organic are what you look for in your groceries, so why not raise your "study breaks" to the same standard?

LeLuv Slim Glass Juicer Crank Handle

eBay
\$24.99

LeLuv is a company that thinks the best place to sell sex toys is over eBay. Their most popular model, "The Juicer", looks about as scary as dildos go. The base is actually a giant crank, so it's great if you're well-practiced in using a hand-mixer for baking or whatever else people are using cranks for in the year 2014. It's perfect if you just have a teeny-tiny torture porn fetish, but don't actually want to have any of your limbs removed.

It also comes in a butt-plug form for anybody to enjoy. The Juicer is available in two enticing colors, so if your favorite color is blue or purple, you're in luck!

lelo pino

lelo.com
\$185.90

If you're like me, you spend money to make people think you're cool, so blow all of your friends away with the pricey Pino. It even comes with a money clip and cufflinks, so you can show the world what your favorite sex toy is while you drive around pleasing yourself in your Range Rover. Or you can use it while you lie on your pile of money, you can literally use it anywhere!

The penis ring itself promises to be adequate no matter who you are, with 10 different vibration settings. It only comes in black and blue, because it's designed for rich people and that color combination is really suave.

The Vibrating Ball Stroker

extremerestraints.com
\$19.39

The Vibrating Ball Stroker is a game-changer for your testicles. And it's so easy to use, just slip the little vibrating sac over your balls and experience an entirely new sensation. Even if you have really smelly balls, the Vibrating Ball Stroker will leave you smelling fresh with its lightly-scented "nubbed sleeve". It looks kind of like a cross between a medieval torture device and a menstrual cup, but the model in the advertisement really seems to be enjoying it. You could be enjoying it, too, as it has five ratings of five stars in the comments section. It's a weiner!



#MAKESOMETHING

FAB Building gone due to new art exhibit

STUDENT ART YOU WANTED

Burning Down the House

WHEN ▶ Until FAB is rebuilt
WHERE ▶ The smouldering remains of the FAB gallery
BY ▶ Harold Pyro, angry fine arts student
HOW MUCH ▶ The education of artists

Squeaky Brakes

ALWAYS YELLING

When Harold Pyro came up with the idea for his latest performance art piece, he was expecting a little more panic.

“It really shows how temporary life is you know?”

STUDENT
EX U OF A STUDNET, DSPLACED PROGRAM

“The fire alarms were going off, but no one

was running,” Pyro says. “It’s like no one was there.”

Pyro is a masters student in the fine arts program, majoring in fire-based performance art. His newest FAB gallery installation titled *Burning Down the House* is a performance art piece that aimed to show viewers the destructive nature of creativity. The gallery involved Pyro wielding a blowtorch at the Fine Arts Building’s ceiling from within the gallery. Instead of killing hundreds of people when the building caught fire though, Pyro found himself alone in the burning gallery.

“It’s like no one was even watching,” he says.

And alas, no one was watching. There was no one in the FAB gallery at the time that he started his performance piece, so by the time he began to vacate the building, everyone was out and safely waiting for the fire department to come.

The FAB building is now a mass of charred remains, but *Burning Down the House* is getting very positive reviews from fellow arts students.

“It really shows how temporary life is you know?” said one onlooker. “Plus, I’m being relocated to Calgary to finish my degree,

which is nice. My parents live there, so I get free rent out of this.”

“The fire alarms were going off, but no one was running. It’s like no one was there.”

HAROLD PYRO
ARTIST, FIRE LOVER, FRIEND

The piece will remain in the smouldering remains of the FAB gallery until the university can find the funds to allocate to the fine arts program.

“It’s hard for us to put money into the fine arts program as we’ve been trying to get all those hippies off campus for the past three years,” says one university official. “Like, we keep slashing their budget but they just won’t get the hint. Maybe some of them will try going to engineering. That’s a useful program and we have a shiny new building to help people innovate.”

Until the building is restored, Pyro and his fellow arts students will be scattering around the province to finish their degrees in other universities.

YOUR FRIEND’S BAND

Braided Tango

WITH ▶ Generic Lads
WHEN ▶ 8 p.m.
WHERE ▶ Not a coffee shop!!
HOW MUCH ▶ The cost of a demo CD

Pitchfork Bound

EDMONTONIAN WHO LIKES GOOD MUSIC AND IS BETTER THAN YOU

Local Edmonton band Braided Tango is trying their very darndest to prove that Edmonton-based music is worth listening to. After a five-year stint of playing open mic nights at local cafes, the band is finally ready with enough friends and family to play a real music venue.

“The fact that we are playing The Artery after so many years is just amazing,” says lead singer and founder of Braided Tango, Alex Grohip. “We feel like we finally made it.”

The band has been based in Edmonton for 10 years, since the band was in the seventh

grade. They have partied with the likes of Christian Hansen, Purity Ring and Mac Demarco over the years, even though all of their peers leave to get famous elsewhere.

“I just don’t understand why they all relocate to bigger cities with more thriving music scenes,” Grohip says. “It’s like they don’t think they can get famous if they stay in Edmonton.”

The three-piece group plays a mix of electronic rock music with an alternative twist. They cite their biggest influences as Queen, The Velvet Underground and Alanis Morissette.

“Finding inspiration can be so hard in the snow here,” says Grohip. But we’re trying to get that ‘Edmonton’ sound that bands always seem to draw from wherever they are living.”

Local record company owner Brad Tether has been rejecting Braided Tango’s demo CDs for years.

“They just aren’t that good,” Tether says. “They sound like every other indie band. There is nothing special about them at all.”

To catch Braided Tango’s eclectic new EP *Generic Sounds*, you can buy it off their website, braidededmontontango.com.



LOCAL WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER

the **average** crew

WRITTEN BY JAM

Old Milwaukee

Brewery: Combination Pizza Hut/Taco Bell, Los Angeles, California

Available at: A hobo's unattended shopping cart

Old Mill is a masterly crafted, light-bodied and utterly refreshing beverage. Its flavours reminiscent of its brewery. Aromas of pizza ovens and deep fryers are paired with subtle hints of crunch wrap supreme, cheesy bread and Mexi fries. The head is as white as pizza mozzarella, with a similar texture. There's so much going on with Old Milwaukee that it's slightly overwhelming.

To be honest, this isn't even a beer. Unfortunately, Old Milwaukee faced a class action lawsuit headed by international NPO group ISIS. The



lawsuit claimed that Old Milwaukee is not in fact "beer" but more like "cat urine." ISIS demanded that Combination Pizza Hut/Taco Bell pay out \$13 million dollars to ISIS. After much debate in international courts, Pizza Hut/Taco Bell instead was subject to give out a free case of Old Mill to any ISIS member who submitted their online claim form.

Since the lawsuit, the vast majority of ISIS' worldwide terror operations have come to an unexpected halt. Members have cited "getting drunk and finding their chill" as the reason behind the cease. Pizza Hut and Taco Bell have since been championed around the globe for stopping ISIS. They deserve every possible award. Or at the very least, a bottle of Old Milwaukee raised to them.

Hard Lick

Everclear 100 Proof

Written by: Parked Car

This smooth grain alcohol by Luxco doesn't disappoint with its smooth taste, subtle flavour and ability to destroy any semblance of control you believe you have over your own motor system. Banned in 15 states (but not Alberta!) and boasting a 190 proof, or 95 per cent alcohol content, Everclear may scare the timid away, but those willing to look past the high alcohol content will be deservedly punished for their baffling hubris.

Respect the Everclear, however, and it will respect you. Served straight on the rocks, or chilled with a wedge of lemon, Everclear provides a smooth sipping experience. Foolhardy drinkers who will quaff this refreshing drain cleaner will instead be punished with irreversible liver cirrhosis. Everclear is understated as a beverage alone — its uses extend far beyond the realm of ill-considered drinking bouts. I myself have used Everclear as impromptu lamp fuel after awaking from one of my three-day "Everclear naps" to find my power bill mysteriously unpaid. Lambasted by critics as being "basically pure alcohol" and flippantly being disregarded by statements like "Fuck, I'm pissing blood. The Everclear made me piss blood," Everclear caters to a niche but loyal fan base. If you can overcome the curve of acquired taste for ethanol, you too can be among the lucky few to survive a courtship with the mistress that is Everclear 190 proof.



fashion
tree-ters

COMPILED & PHOTOGRAPHED BY A tree-hugging hippie

Probably a maple tree
54 YEARS OLD-ISH



GATEWAY: Describe what you're wearing.

TREE: Trees don't talk, that would be ridiculous.

But if it could talk, it would probably say that it's only wearing bark right now because leaves were sooo last season.

GATEWAY: What's your favourite thing you have on?

TREE: That weird bump where all of the big branches split from the trunk is really neat, it would probably be really cool to sit there.

GATEWAY: Do you check yourself out every time you walk past ESB?

TREE: Admit it, we all do.



dadapp

WRITTEN BY Your mean dad



Scrabble Free

COST: Free

PLATFORM: iPhone, Android

Whether you want to best your whippersnapperish offspring at a game of vocabulary aerobics or simply ensure your old cranium isn't calcified beyond all repair, Scrabble Free is a great game for you. With all adornments of the classic board game that's had people pulling out dictionaries and snapping pencils since 1938, when you were in elementary school.

Though the stupid and

uppity "teacher" feature can get a little tired at times with sugg-ested words like "xenoid" and "twerk," you can still laugh your way to victory with your superior knowledge of dead English. If you find the ads too frustrating and can't believe why anyone wants to play Clash of Clans, feel free to upgrade to the paid, ad-free version. You might as well spend a little money on yourself instead of buying idiotic video games like *Call the Duty* for your ungrateful sons or sending your youngest to fat camp because your bitch ex wife only feeds the kids pizza.

Dad App is a regular Getaway feature that helps Dads find the best apps on their newfangled technology devices to help them forget about their vanilla sex lives and their raging midlife crisis.

The five best Mini Pop Kids ever

Giant Head

HOW DOES IT EVEN STAY UP

Some of the greatest celebrities on earth were once children (but only some of them).

#5: The Olsen Twins

Did you notice the Olsen twin disappearance in 2003? That’s okay, not many did.

But while the tabloids claim Mary-Kate and Ashley were working on their “empire” and dressing in burlap sacks, the girls were actually touring with the Mini Pop Kid family. Smartly packaged, the two have been trained since birth to harmonize like no other. Although their music options were limited to Blink 182 renditions, the pair has had an overwhelming number of contributions over the years.

Today the Olsen twins spend much of their time traveling between WhiteCourt and NYC, competing in battle of the bands across the nation.

#4: Ariana Grande

Grande had leading vocal in Mini Pop Kids 12—the most recent album from the pop group — and wowed fans with the track “Problem,” which features early 2000’s Mini Pop sensation Iggy Azelea, and her cousin Big Sean. Although Iggy’s rap flow and butt may crush Grande’s, Grande has tapped into an entirely new music market, and from what we’ve heard it’s the next big thing in sound.

Stepping away from the Mini Pop Kid franchise to pursue her own career, Grande’s new album has come just in time for Christmas,

and is the perfect gift for the furry friend in your life. Her album, “D.O.G.” is destroying the music charts in sales. With her high-pitched singing Grande’s been able to create an album in a sound wave frequency that only dogs can hear and understand.

#3: Summer “Big Banger” Banks

After barely making final cuts for Mini Pop Kids 5, released in 2008, Summer “Big Banger” Banks is the oldest Mini Pop Kid alive today. Banks auditioned for the group at the age of 14 — the average age for hopefuls — however there is still much debate as to if these claims were true or not, as Banks would often come to rehearsals late, and reeking of liquor. Super secret insider source (her mom) says, “Summer was actually 26 when she first auditioned, but couldn’t live with herself without auditioning after seeing an add for vocalists on Craigslist. What happened to my baby?”

To answer Mother Bank’s question, Summer BigBangerBanks is now a moderately successful model on Twitter. Running an 18+ account, Banks has 752 followers and tweets semi-nude pictures of herself that on average receive one to two favorites. Doin’ great Big Banger!

(Side bar: Regardless of actual or fake age of audition, Banks is still the oldest Mini Pop Kid alive).

#2: Dad

Did you know your dad was a Mini Pop Kid? YOUR DAD!
In between boning your mom

and wearing socks and sandals, he now has little time to do “cool” things. But back when he was free to do as he pleased without a family to provide for, he was one of the original Mini Pop Kids. He performed iconic tracks such as “Highway to Hell” and “Stairway to Heaven.”

He had it all. Until you came along and ruined everything by being born. Why couldn’t you have been better at football? I’ll never forgive you for not getting a scholarship.

#1: Dana “Sack” Borutski

For Sack Borutski, being a part of the Mini Pop Kids changed everything for him, yet absolutely nothing all. After auditioning in 2008 — alongside Big Banger Banks — Borutski made first cuts and was quickly placed front and centre for his natural talents in front of the camera. After the release of Mini Pop Kids 5, a Los Angeles-based modelling firm signed Sack and within weeks Sack’s daring cheekbones and piercing blue eyes were seen on magazines across North America, Europe, and Southern Asia. He frequently appears in Japanese car commercials and his hair is insured for ten thousand dollars.

But despite Sack’s overwhelming stardom in 2008, sources say he told his mom Diane he wasn’t ready “just yet” to take on the world of fashion, and wanted to return to Edmonton to finish high school. The University of Alberta is now blessed to have this super star walking among us, as he’s over half way through his Arts degree, majoring in Sociology with a minor in Creative Writing.



ZACH'S MOM



Metro Cinema at the Garneau 8712 109 Street, Edmonton, AB
780 425 9212 | metrocinema.org
Facebook.com/metrocinema | Pinterest.com/metrocinema
Twitter & Instagram @themetrocinema

Student Admission
Evenings \$9
Matinees \$6



Die Hard 2

December 16 @ 7:00

Bruce Willis and Christmas go together like cookies and milk – at least Crime Watch thinks so. But poor John McClane just can’t enjoy a moment of holiday cheer. After his heroic handling of the Nakatomi Hostage Crisis exactly one year ago, he’s again launched into action on Christmas Eve. When rogue military officials seize control of Dulles international airport in Washington, D.C., it’s up to John to stop the terrorists and save the innocent passengers trapped inside the airborne planes – including his wife. ‘Tis the season to *Die Hard*. Again!

Also on screen this week!

Almost Famous - Gateway to Cinema
Tusk
Modern Times - Vue Weekly 1000th Issue!
Paris, Texas - Vue Weekly 1000th Issue!
Listen Up Philip
Arthur Christmas - Reel Family Cinema
Everything Will Be - NFB
Rome, Open City - Newly Remastered!
Lingaa - Edmonton Movie Club



The Babadook

December 13 @ 9:30
December 15 @ 9:30
December 16 @ 9:30

The Babadook is a psychological horror movie that creeps out of the shadows and under your skin. It tells the story of a single mother, plagued by the violent death of her husband, and left alone to battle her son’s night time fear of a sinister storybook monster. Soon, however, she discovers there may just be a dark presence lurking in the house. Depicting “motherhood as demonic curse, [this is a] masterwork of darkness and shadow.” (Film Experience)



Harry Potter Marathon!

Matinee Pricing!

Dec 20 @ 4:00 - The Philosopher’s Stone
Dec 21 @ 4:00 - The Chamber Of Secrets
Dec 22 @ 1:00 - The Prisoners Of Azkaban
Dec 22 @ 4:00 - The Goblet Of Fire
Dec 23 @ 1:00 - The Order Of the Phoenix
Dec 23 @ 4:00 - The Half Blood Prince
Dec 26 @ 1:00 - The Deathly Hallows: Part 1
Dec 26 @ 4:00 - The Deathly Hallows: Part 2

The world of Harry Potter is taking over Metro Cinema this holiday season. Come see all 8 movies with activities, treats, decorations, prizes and so much more! Come as your favourite Potter character, and bring your trivia knowledge!

See All 8 for One Low price!
Adult pass \$65
Student/Senior/Child pass \$35
Available at metrocinema.org

Visit metrocinema.org for full listings!

Doin' You: doin'you like you never been done before

Rick Ross
RAPPER, CONCERNED CAMPUS MOM

We've taught you fine young things how to make, cook or create a lot of things this semester, but we've overlooked possibly the most important one yet: you. Doing you. As in, masturbating. Yeah, most of us do it, but if you don't, here's how. If you do, well, hopefully you can learn a thing or two.

1. Set the mood

Don't think about finals. Don't think about your stupid roommate.

Don't think about all the money you don't have to buy Christmas gifts. Just light a candle, fluff your pillow, and put away your phone. Speaking of roommate, shut your door so you have some privacy, for fuck sakes.

2. Grab a toy. Maybe even grab a friend.

You can get small vibrators for like \$10 nowadays, so do that. If you need to improvise, grab something dick-shaped. I don't know, a hairbrush handle. A carrot. A cucumber. Whatever, we don't judge. If you're a dude, sorry, I don't know how you

do this. Lotion up your hand?

3. Watch some porn and lube the toy.

Nothin' worse than goin' in dry. Get that bad boy nice and slippery with a water or silicone based lube. Say what? If you don't have that, a little natural oil like grape seed or a tiny bit of olive oil is probably fine. Probably. Don't take our word for this — we aren't doctors, just students with very little money. Pull up your favourite streaming free porn website. I won't even tell you which one to go to — you already know

which ones you like, you nasty little beotch.

4. Now do yourself.

Whichever way you like. Use some more lube if you need to. Keep it down so the whole street doesn't hear your.

5. Clean up.

Wash your hands. Run that toy through the dishwasher. Use some baby wipes for a quick refresher. Maybe wash your sheets if you went really crazy. Maybe get back

to studying, or bask in the afterglow while watching your favourite Netflix series.

6. (Optional) Make a Tinder account.

Do you really want to have to "do you" all throughout the holidays? With all that time off, just think about the possibilities! Make a Tinder account right now and check out all the other cute singles who are probably following this step-by-step Doin' You right as we speak. Don't worry, young thing. You won't have to do you for long.



GRECIAN PRINCESS



SNOOP CHANG, NEW YORK TIMES ONLINE PODCAST BLOG COMMENTS EDITOR

YOUR OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER



AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

HEY! WE'RE HIRING A Circulation PAL

for the remainder of the publishing year!

The Gateway is accepting applications for a
Part-time Circulation PAL to start on January 1, 2015.

PART-TIME TERM POSITION Circulation PAL

The employment term runs from January 1 to April 30, 2015

The Circulation PAL will report to the Business Manager and are responsible for distributing the Gateway to all designated locations on and off campus, as instructed. The Employee must operate in accordance with Gateway Student Journalism Society bylaws at all times.

***CONTACT TRAVIS GIBSON FOR A FULL JOB DESCRIPTION**

Application deadline: Dec 15, 2014 at 5 pm.

**Applicants should submit
a cover letter and resume to:**

**Gateway Business Manager
Travis Gibson
(780) 492-6700 • biz@gateway.ualberta.ca**

YOUR OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER



AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

HEY! WE'RE HIRING A PART-TIME Multimedia Editor

for the remainder of the publishing year!

The Gateway is accepting applications for a
Part-time Multimedia Editor to start on January 1, 2015.

PART-TIME POSITION Multimedia Editor

The employment term runs from January 1 to April 30, 2015

The Multimedia Editor shall be responsible for managing The Gateway's online presence, including soliciting multimedia content from other line editors and teaching interested persons about the operations of the Gateway and its website. The Multimedia Editor must operate in accordance with the Gateway Student Journalism Society bylaws at all times.

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KardAssian breaks UWS internet

Dames Jamison
REAL NICE GUY

Students were without much needed WiFi over the weekend as google image search requests for Kim Kardashian's buttocks flooded the network, causing it to crash. Beginning in the early morning hours of November 23, a steady stream of image searches and downloads soon turned into a cascading torrent of booty, pouring into the many laptops and tablets of horny students across the campus. By 10 p.m. the network was frozen, with pictures of Kim Kardashian's half-rendered naked body staring emptily out into the faces of many sexually frustrated students.

"I didn't realize there was a problem until just after the network crashed." Earl Fuckerson, chief administrator of the UWS network said in an emailed statement. "I had cached vast swathes of Kardashian cyber booty way before everyone else, thanks to my vast knowledge of IT networks. For the lot of you who were too late, sorry."

A picture of Kim Kardashian's voluptuous rear end was theorized to pose a threat to the Internet upon its recent release in Paper magazine. The reality star hasn't publicly been seen in the buff since her 2003 sex tape with singer/songwriter Ray J.

"Shawty got a huge booty, it was a Kodak moment." Ray J told *The Getaway*. "It don't matter what she wears, she could make anything look name brand, she could make an almost married man think about changin' plans."

Husband to Kardashian, rapper, and God, Kanye West is proud of his wife's decision to expose herself so voraciously to the world.

"My wife is a beautiful woman. When her likeness was so graciously given to the world in Paper, Jesus wept." West said in an exclusive interview for *The Getaway*, "Ain't no one got the right to be direspectin'."

The picture itself shows Kardashian naked, wearing only a pearl necklace and satin gloves, with her backside to the camera, as she smiles sensually.

The UWS network was back up

and running within six hours, and downloads of the image peaked shortly after the Lister Hall network hub was re-activated. In a statement released via the UAlberta twitter feed, administrators announced network hardware upgrades would ensure no such crashes would occur again.

Kardashian has come under criticism for the photo by groups claiming she further objectifies women by presenting herself as only a piece of ass. She defended herself as a proper role model for young girls everywhere.

"Young girls send me letters all the time asking me to adopt them." Kardashian said. "The same people who try to blackball me forgot about one thing: my black ass."

For anyone interested in replicating the Kardashian look, squatting copious amounts of plates at the gym is only the first step.

"A strict diet of Twinkies and Wotsits while watching Netflix is the only surefire way to attain such a supple butt," Kardashian said. "That or silicon implants, they work too."



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OFFENSIVE**
Night



FREE SHOTS OF WHITE GUILT

Plus:
HANG OUT WITH OUR CULTURALLY
OFFENSIVE BAR TENDERS! OMG!
& unchecked privilege!

Things that DO NOT belong on the front page!!!!

Sports are pointless
Some kid who didn't make the team

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Volunteer
Honestly just don't

Email
l_enjoy_pizza_73_fuck_you@msn.com

Twitter
@pizza73

Golden Bears football team sells movie rights to first win

Dadam Pinballz™
I'M A DOUCHEBAG

The Golden Bears Football team has sold the movie rights to their awe-inspiring, miraculous and famous victory that snapped their four-year losing streak.

Producers are reportedly considering casting Channing Tatum as starting quarterback. Alec Baldwin has been casted as the head coachs, Carrot Top as the backup Quarterback and Mindy Kaling as the university's Director of Athletics.

"We're really excited about finally getting some recognition around here," Bears Football President Roy Richards said. "We didn't win for four years and then all of a sudden you get one victory and everything is coming up Milhouse."

The movie rights were bought by Warner Brothers, who will begin production in the new year. No current or former Bears football players will be considered for acting roles because, come on, they can't catch a ball how are

they supposed to act?

"Movies these days only focus on the winners in society, so we decided if we wanted to break the trend we might as well truly break it," Warner Brothers CEO Jack Warner said of the decision. "We're really excited to finally portray the

modern day loser finally getting the win.

"It's like that one movie about the nerd defying the odds and getting

the girl, but with football."

The plot will cover the Golden Bears from their last victory in 2010 up until the pre-game of their infamous victory that no one really expected.

"We want to leave viewers on the edge of their seat so we've decided to split the film into two," Warner said. "It'll be just like the first Deathly Hallows film. We're going to bore the hell out of everyone with random and pointless emotional crap and get all that out of the way in the first film."

"Thatwaythesecondinstallment will be filled with nothing but overrated quality, moderate action played in three second installments spanned over the course of three-and-a-half hours. We want this to be as accurate to the true story as possible."

The movie isn't the only one featuring the University of Alberta to hit theaters in the new year, as a film chronicling the career of CIS swimming legend and animal rights activist Tom Dolphin is now in mid-production.



FEATURE FILM Here's the poster for this fucking movie.

Panda Hut Express purchases rights to Pandas varsity athletics program

Spinning Jenny
YOU SPIN ME RIGHT ROUND BABY

What a time to be alive.

The University of Alberta Women's varsity contingent, Pandas Athletics, is set to be purchased by leading Chinese food retailer, Panda Hut Express. And, what else is there to say, really? Hallelujah.

When asked for reasons behind the purchase, some guy from athletics said they spent "wayyyyy too much money on the PAW cenrer, but it's great right? It's really great. By getting Panda Hut Express to purchase the Pandas, we wouldn't have to worry about changing the branding as well all our athletics

gear you can purchase in the Van Vliet. It's a win-win situation."

No comment was given when asked why last year's Athletics and Recreation fee wasn't enough to cover the entire female side of varsity athletics.

Executives from Panda Hut Express say they are also thrilled about the purchase of Pandas Athletics.

"We're really happy with our purchase," beamed Panda Hut Express corporation owner Panda H. Express Food Yakimov. "I can't wait to start charging fees for games again, it'll be a great way to subsidize this company's commitment to furthering the game of underground cock magic."

When asked what changes will be made to the various Pandas teams, Express suggested not much, only that they'll be adding a couple advertisements to the jerseys, but nothing major. One thing however is that Pandas athletes will now have to sing out their allegiance to Panda Hut Express before each sporting event, as well as consume at least a pound of wontons and shrimp fried rice a day publicly to prove their commitment to the brand. That's what we want Pandas Athletics to be about now, praising the glory that is Panda Hut Express.

No changes will be made to the Golden Bears Program.



SOCCER IS COOL Kick the ball around but don't kick anyone in the fucking face.

Brad Pitt and Jonah Hill to join Tampa Bay Rays' baseball operations staff

Steven Jackson Steven
I LIKE MOVIES AND SPORTS

Tampa Bay Rays owner Stuart Sternberg expressed renewed optimism for the upcoming season following a pair of surprise signings aimed at replacing general manager Andrew Friedman.

Sources confirmed this morning that Friedman - who left the Rays to join the Los Angeles Dodgers this offseason - will be replaced by stars from the Academy Award winning film Moneyball, Brad Pitt and Jonah Hill, effective immediately. Sternberg cited the Scott Hatteberg signing, Brad Pitt's gripping back and forth with aging superstar David Justice, and the heartwarming sub-plot with his daughter as reasons for the signing.

"If we play like the Yankees in here, we're going to lose to the Yankees out there."

BRAD PITT
PLAYED BILLY BEANE IN MONEYBALL

At the beginning of the film, Pitt is faced with the task of rebuilding the Oakland Athletics, who just lost most of their key players to free agency. Pitt decides, since the Athletics are a small budget team, they need to find a new way to play the game. On a trip to Cleveland, Pitt meets Hill and convinces him to join the A's because of his insight and knowldge in advanced statistics.

By the end of the film, Pitt and Hill have a great bond as colleagues

who reshaped the game of baseball, which is what Sternberg hopes will happen with his struggling, small market Rays franchise.

"These guys are perfect," Sternberg said. "I mean, they replaced Giambi, Isringhausen, and Damon with scraps, and still made it to the playoffs!"

When asked about Jonah Hill's qualifications for the position, Sternberg enthusiastically brought up the time that he had completed 51 player evaluations after being asked to only do three and that he can very quickly add three players' on base percentages together when Pitt points his finger at him.

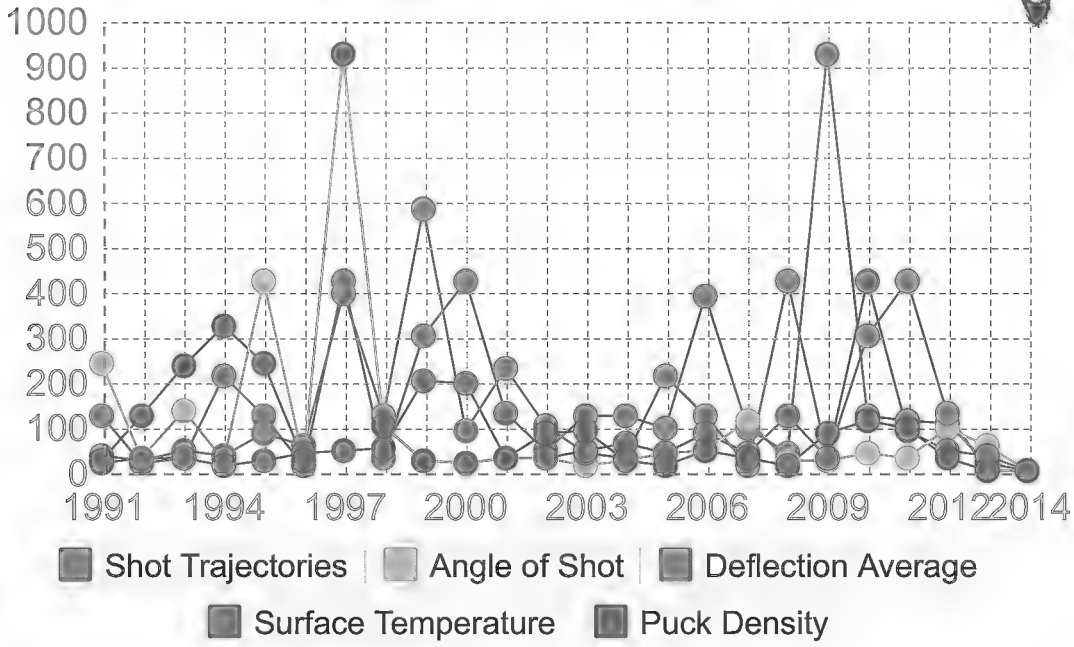
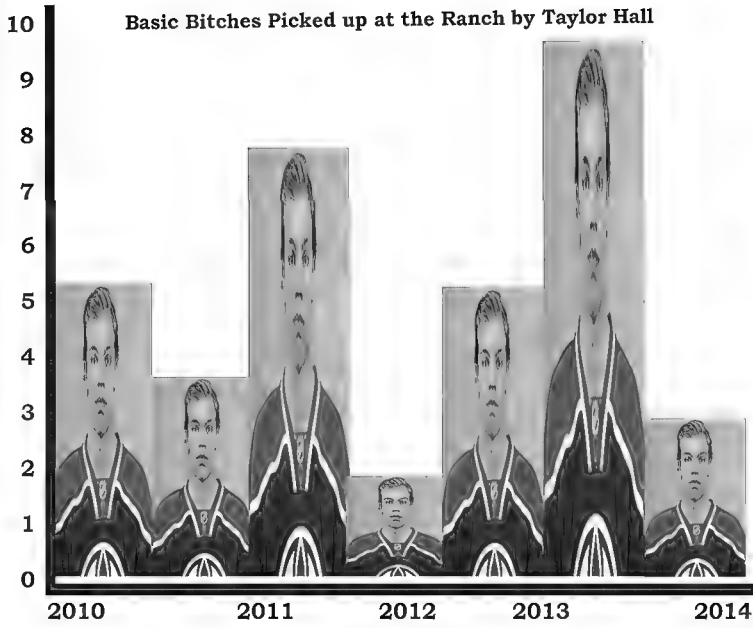
"The fact that Brad agreed to sign with us after turning down \$12 million from the Red Sox suggests he'll be a perfect fit here in Central Florida" Sternberg said, unable to contain his smile. "Well, let's just say things are looking up in Tampa Bay!"

At a press conference held later Monday afternoon, Brad Pitt went over his vision for the team. Fast forwarding through a DVD of Moneyball, Pitt outlined his plans to trade for retired left-hander Ricardo Rincon, sign unorthodox submarine reliever Chad Bradford, implementing a club house vending machine that charges players for soda, and address Jeremey Giambi's off field issues by screaming "this is what losing sounds like!" in the clubhouse after a lopsided loss.

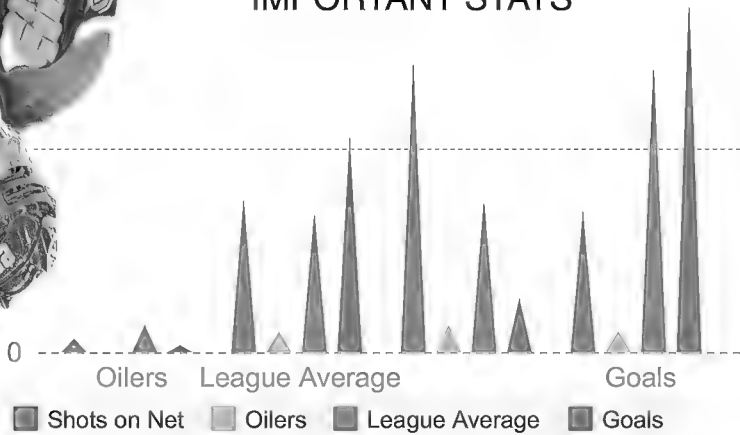
The Academy Award Winning actor left a lasting impression on his way out, breaking a stereo system with a baseball bat, and yelling at a group of uncomfortable reporters, saying "would you have drafted me in the first round?"



Seriously though, why are the Oilers so fucking bad?



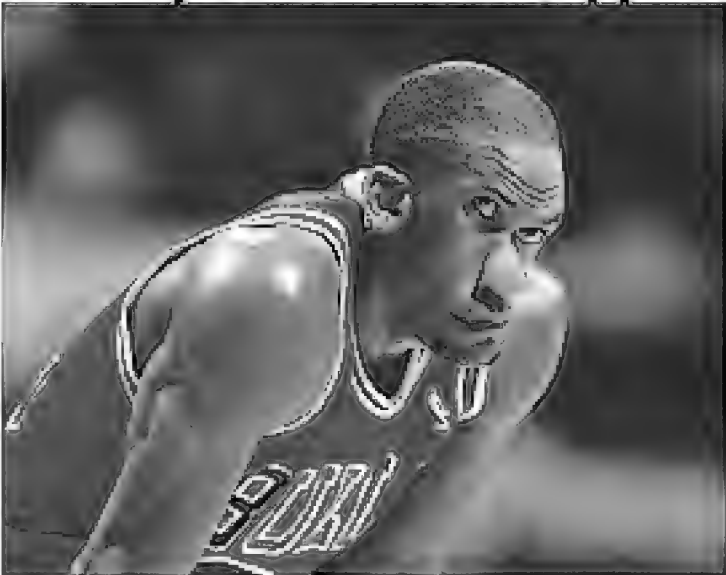
IMPORTANT STATS



The 6 Craziest Photos Of Athletes BEFORE They Were Photoshopped



I bet you didn't realize that this is Toronto Maple Leafs' star sniper Phil Kessel. But it is! This is what he looks like before a ton of Photoshop magic is applied to his mug.



Could you tell that this is former NBA all star Michael Jordan? Probably not. It's truly incredible what modern technology is able to fix.



You would've never guessed that this is Swiss tennis superstar Roger Federer. Fun fact: his brother is Grimace from McDonald's.



Sidney Crosby is a good player. But he certainly isn't as aesthetically appealing without the magical powers of Photoshop.



You might think Michael Phelps is a real asshole because of his cannabis use. In fact, he has three assholes on his face. Thankfully Photoshop can cover them up.



Did you ever wonder how Tiger Woods could please two women at the same time? His tentacles did most of the work but thanks to Photoshop, you would never know.

The best tips **EVER** to get back into shape!

Dr. Ebab
FIT GIRL PUSH UP

Alright, so you gained the freshman 50 and now you're heading back home to Saskatchewan for winter break. You look like a fucking potato and you want to impress your friends from Lister when you get back. Use these awesome tips as tools to gain control over your disastrous life!

For starters, stop doing traditional gym exercises such as cardio and lifting weights. These things are actually totally pointless and won't give you that sexy beach bod you've been working so hard for. Instead, try investing in a dog to perform heavy dog

weight exercises. Shoulder raises, crunches, and squats are all harder if you're holding a dog than they are if you're just using weights. The bigger the dog the better, so don't be a bitch, invest in something big like a Golden Labrador. Bonus: they always look like they're smiling.

Next, drink more shakes! Blend everything you would eat in a typical day and take it on the go. This way you're always prepared if temptation strikes, because your meals for the day are already prepared in one large, delicious shake. Because you are trying to lose weight after packing SO much on, be mindful of what you're putting into your daily shake.

Maybe you don't need a triple burger from Rodeo Burger, but an extra fries to toss in for texture will suffice.

Although shakes are great, don't fall victim to the protein shake gimmick. By consuming more than 100 grams of protein a day you're at a 130 per cent chance higher risk of having your arms and legs fall off. Not only is this a well-known fact among certified personal fitness trainers like myself, but it's also backed up by multiple scientists. If you want to put on hundreds of pounds and/or have your arms and legs fall off, well, you should drink protein shakes.

Finally, invest in baggier clothes and maybe stop kidding yourself.



FIT GIRL The fit girl, Dr. Ebab, prowls the streets of Seattle looking for answers.

Top 10

Dan Sackimov
DRIVES A CAR

- 10. Being really good at ultimate Frisbee:** Once referred to “the sport of kings” by someone who had never played hockey, basketball, baseball, football, bowling, or lawn darts, this sport can be extremely rewarding. There is a catch, in order for you to get any benefit out of it, your life must be completely devoid of love, compassion, and happiness.
- 9. Soccer practice:** Soccer is a sport enjoyed by weaklings and whiners all around the world. It takes many hours of practice to fall down without someone touching you, so you can bet that the top players in the world worked long and hard to get there. Thanks mom for bringing Kool-Aid to practice every once in a while.
- 8. The CFL labour strike:** The world held its collective breath last year when the CFL players engaged in a strike because they believed they weren’t being treated fairly. The head of the players union, whose name nobody cared to learn, said the crux of the strike was to increase player salaries to \$200 per week. “I have 3threekids, and right now we’re on food stamps and I have to paint houses in the summer just to get by,” he said. “It sucks having some smarmy university kid as your boss.”
- 7. Sports analytics:** You’re not truly enjoying the game unless you know about sports analytics. It’s enough to know that Josh Donaldson hit 29 home runs last year, but you’re not truly a fan until you know that his Wins Above Replacement has 5.7, and that his strikeout to walk ratio was 1.71.
- 6. Caring about horse racing for some reason:** Nothing beats watching non-humans compete in something they have no concept of. That’s what makes horse racing great. The horse cannot fathom the vast scale

- of sophistication and high class ambience that’s taking place around it. Stupid horses.
- 5. Athletes who write books after they retire:** Those who cannot do, write books about how things should be done. Or more specifically, books about a somewhat interesting experience they had that makes their otherwise mediocre career stand out in some way.
- 4. Playing a game of pickup basketball with friends:** An excellent way to stay in shape and practice the improper fundamentals that playing a whole bunch of unstructured games has taught you. Make sure to lower the net so even the guy with the six inch vertical leap can dunk, and claw back a slight amount of self esteem.
- 3. Women’s tennis:** Many interesting questions arise during a women’s tennis match: When will Maria Sharapova start screeching at a level only dogs can hear? Why won’t Genie Bouchard go on a date with me? Why is Serena Williams so terrifying?
- 2. Interacting with athletes on Twitter:** Little known fact: athletes love it when you tweet at them telling how they didn’t play well, and how they’re ungrateful, lazy, pieces of human garbage. Projecting your insecurities onto them via social media is a great way to not just win their admiration, but the admiration of your peers as well.
- 1. Going to Chili’s and watching a boxing match:** It’s a fantastic sight to see a packed Chili’s on a weekend night, people munching on delicious entrees and appetizers, while they watch a boxing match. After just two rounds, the staff realize that there is indeed a boxing match on TV and promptly change the channel to show three straight hours of muted sports highlights.

THIS DAY IN SPORTING HISTORY!!

STAN-DRIZZLE
SHUT THE FUCK UP BITCH

- 1879:** We’re going back to the beginning for this one. On this day in sports history, a group of white heterosexuals set out with a simple goal — to exclude large groups of the population from participating in organized, physical activities and pursuits. Over the last century, sports have become more complex and exciting, and they’ve made strides to embrace all group. However, the original rules for these games were incredibly simplistic. One point for heterosexually pinning your white male friend, two points for re-enforcing out dated gender roles and three points for creating a hostile environment for those different than you. Sounds exclusive!
- 1939:** Baseball has held the title of “America’s pastime” for over a century. However, in the dirty ‘30s, a now little known sport threatened to take that crown. Believe it or not but prior to WWII, Hitler-Ball challenged baseball in popularity. The name, which had nothing to do with the German dictator, was derived from the distinctive tilt used by batters to hit the incoming rolls, bounces and lobs! During the leagues peak in 1937, Hans Fritzsche led the league in AUF DEM GRUNDPROZENTSATZ, DURCHSCHNITTSSLEISTUNG, and even won a GOLDHANDSCHUH in the process. Fritzsche-fever was sweeping the nation! A year later Hans left the league, and America, to focus on a humble government job in his native country. The league would

- declare bankruptcy three months into the war on December 10th 1939, despite an aggressive ad campaign notable for its catchy slogan, “WIR HABEN KEINE VERBINDUNG MIT HITLER!” Das ist erstaunlich!
- 2097:** Any hockey fan can tell you where they were when league commissioner Gary Bettman’s cyborg body announced that the NHL was “The only sport capable of Surviving the coming Ice age!” Despite this aggressive rebranding and the constant reminder that the winter cold was INESCAPABLE, selling hockey to the Southern United States remained an impossible task. The Tampa Bay Lightning and Florida Panthers would fold in 2116, followed by the rest of the league folding in 2189 in a period of anarchy known as “The Thawing.” Very Cool!
- 2448:** What sports lover can forget the fifth day of the 97th Annual Government Enforced Freedom Games! With events such as the Group Corn Harvest, the Corn Sort and the Virgin Sacrifice (Bottomless Fire Pit AND Volcano) there was something for everyone! Of course the AGEFG’s had their fair share of LOL, OMG and FAIL moments. In a particularly well-known LOL moment, a group of protestors volunteered for the closing event, The Death Marches, after asking “WHERE DOES THE CORN GO!?” In another famous FAIL, Tom Langhorn ran out of breathable air during the Scrap Metal Forage. A memorial was held for all the scrap metal that was lost. Think of how many solid reactor cubes it could have made!



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Society getting ‘softened’ by pansies who don’t play hockey

Don B. Soft
ANGRY DAD

The hard working, gritty, tough values taught through playing hockey have been critical to the success of this country. With over-protective parents and whiny liberals enrolling their children in “alternative” sports like soccer, basketball and power walking, it’s become a sad reality that the next generation will lack the toughness and unapologetic masculinity needed in order to be successful in society.

Meanwhile, “no-toughness” sports such as Basketball and “Un-American Football” teach our youth feminine values such as wearing shorts, cooperation, and that losing over half your teeth requires “medical attention” instead of a damn trophy to celebrate the accomplishment of being a real

man. The lack of toughness in these sports becomes apparent when you look at the type of injuries sidelining players.

Case in point, LeChoke James of the Miami Heat sat out the NBA finals with cramps. Any true, blue hockey playing man knows that cramps are something women get when they’re on their period! Sure there are periods in hockey, but they only act as a way to break up the on-ice carnage that makes boys real men! Here are some examples of REAL injuries that REAL men played through while on the ice, rather than on the grass like a pansy soccer player!

Jan. 14 2010 – Zdeno Chara plays the entire first period despite being attacked by a shark:

What hockey fan isn’t familiar with the famous San Jose tradition of stealing a shark from the aquarium to throw on the ice? Of-

ten times the shark flops around while the crowd cheers, eventually being swept off by the ice girls at the next stop in play. However, on this fateful night the shark had other ideas, clamping onto the leg of star defenceman Zdeno Chara. Who can forget his steely grin, the fact that he blocked seven shots on the power play later that period, or his famous words, “shark hurts less than clapper to laces” that Bruins fans proudly wore on t-shirts the next time the two teams met. I can’t even imagine how a basketball player would react to a shark attack! They’d probably do more flopping than the fish!

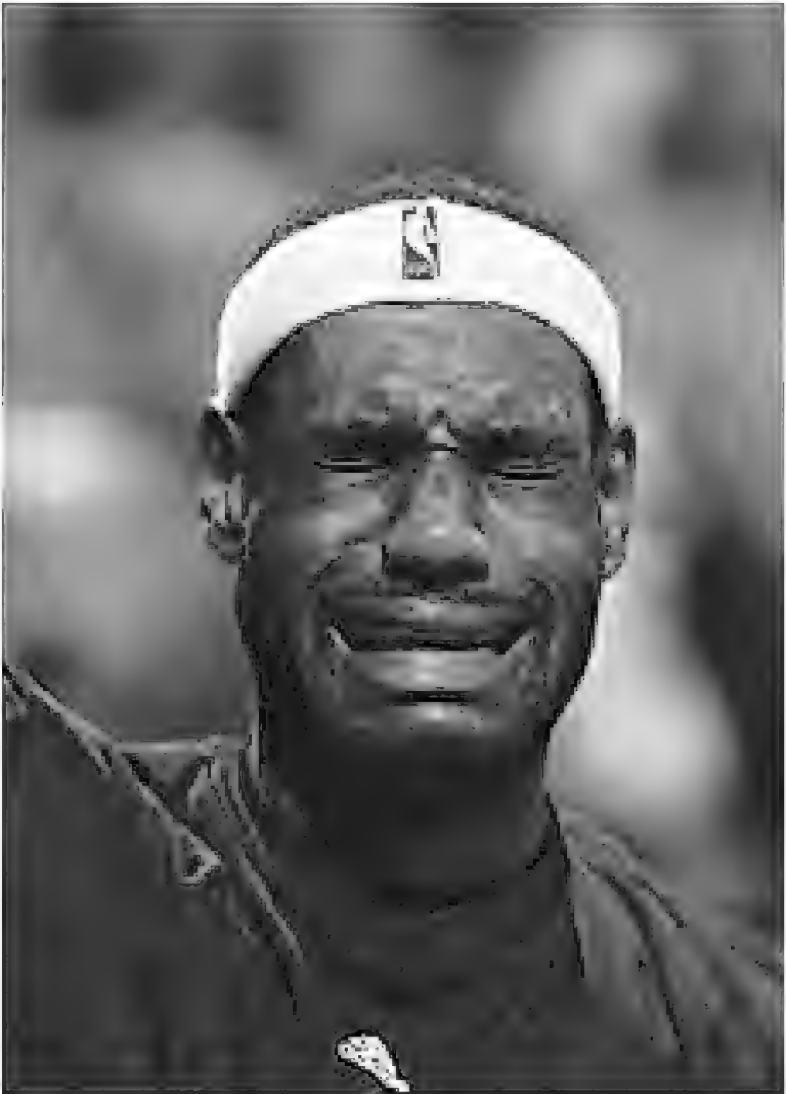
Nov. 3 2009 – The Rangers first line finished their shift despite being hit by a 1971 Ford Pinto:

As part of their “Celebrate the ‘70s Sweepstakes,” the Vancouver Canucks gave away a Ford Pinto

during the second intermission of a game with the New York Rangers. With the game out of reach in the third period, fans set out to beat the traffic. Unfortunately, the winner of the Pinto, 43-year-old Tim Raymond, was among them. Taking a wrong turn in the stadium’s parking lot, he burst through the Zamboni doors and hit the slick ice surface losing control of the car, running over most of the New York Rangers first line before crashing into the boards. Despite being down 4-1, the Rangers line finished out their shift as hard as they could. Wondering how a basketball player might react in this situation? Just ask former NBA Point Guard John Paxson who’s currently suing me for damages after I ran a stop sign and nailed him with my car. Doesn’t sound like he’s finishing his shift!

March 11 2012 – Andrew MacDonald plays 49 minutes despite being crushed by a rock slide:

While Andrew MacDonald endured a scene akin to the movie 127 Hours starring James Franco, many hockey fans wondered if a basketball player could last 127 SECONDS on a hockey rink! The obvious answer is NO! In what is now an iconic hockey moment, MacDonald waved off the medical team while the crowd chanted “LET HIM PLAY!” after the defenceman was trapped by large section of lose boulders that collapsed onto the ice. MacDonald went on to block 12 shots, and play 49 minutes in what ended up being a 4-3 overtime loss. I’m certain that during this tough loss, an NBA game was decided by a friendly debate over the merits of even keeping score lest it hurt the losing team’s feelings!



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comics

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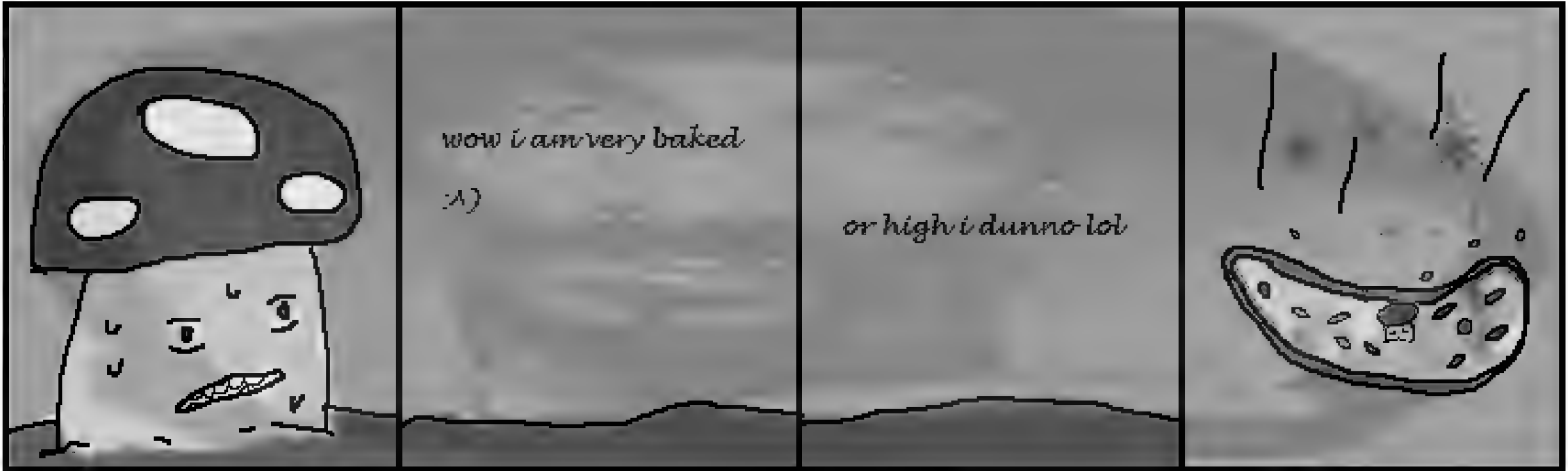
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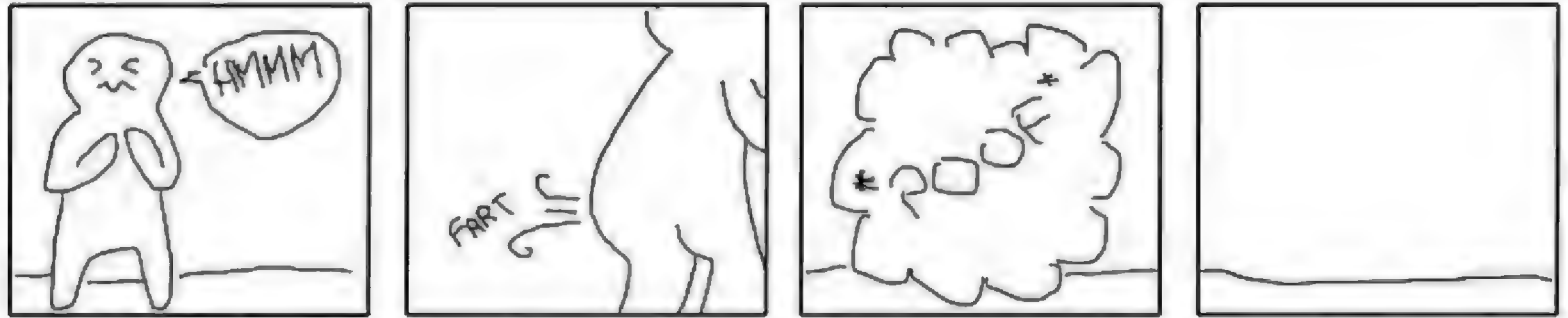
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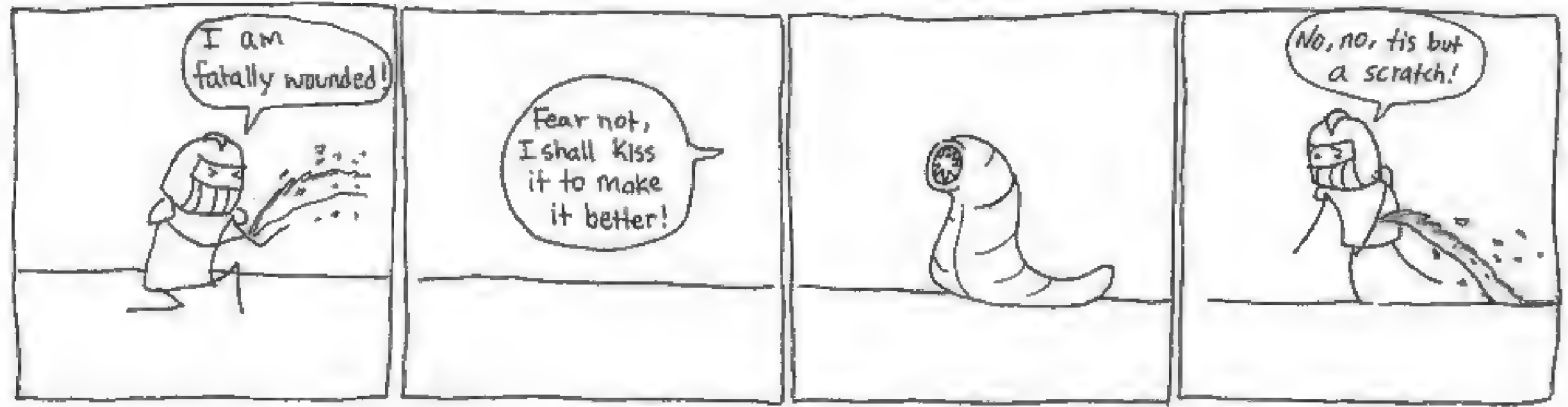
DEADLINE
PT.5

BY NIKHIL “WHY DO I DO
THIS SHIT?” SHAH



MEDIOCRE
AT BEST

BY SHELLEY TIAN,
WORLD'S CUTEST SHEEP



FULL
SETTLE
JACKET

BY MOSTAFA
“NEW GUY” MAHFOUZ



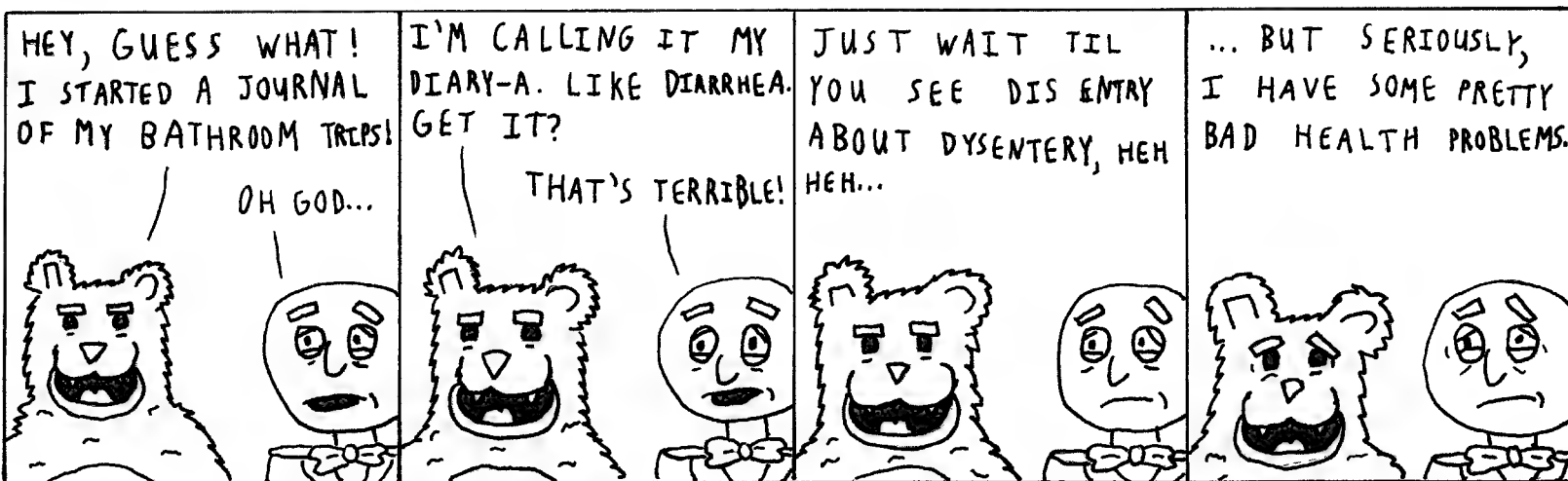
DESKTOP INK

BY MACKENZIE FROM DA GROUND UP



UNBEAR-ABLE

BY DEREK SHULTZ, HIS DAD IS A BEAR



SCREW FINALS

BY STEFANO "DOES MY FIRST NAME MAKE ME SOUND ITALIAN?" JUN



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THE gateway

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



We come to university to get answers — namely, to questions synonymous with “what do you want to be when you grow up?” But if you’re anything like me, you’ll be left with more questions than answers when you pick up your parchment at convocation — questions about yourself and the world, questions we try to remedy with catch-all clickbait quizzes and sage Thought Catalogue thinkpieces.

That big, scary *unknown* is integral to being a student, so it seems almost natural that *The Gateway* tackled this as the theme for our second magazine.

We explore this theme’s manifestations in the paranormal and extraterrestrial, from the ghosts that lurk campus buildings to the unknowns of the universe, and even spookier thoughts, like, what are we supposed to do after graduating? The pages wander between the forgotten to the philosophical, querying the probabilities of an afterlife, and lifting the untold stories of students lost to suicide.

This magazine uncovers truths that are contentious, surprising and sometimes painful to unfold — but they’re worth the trip. After all, when I was a kid digging around in my parents’ garden, I learned the coolest bugs hid under the heaviest stones.

Okay, maybe that’s a weird analogy. But, if you take away anything from this magazine, I hope it’s to replace the fear of the unknown with that childlike curiosity. Look on those scary ambiguities of adulthood through the eyes of your younger self, who still gazes at stars and checks for monsters under your bed with wide-eyed inquiry.

So, I hope you enjoy reading this as much as we enjoyed making it. Oh, and the bugs in these pages don’t bite — I promise.

Kate Black
Managing Editor 2014-15

REQUIRED READING

By JONAH ANGELES

BOOKS AND FILMS THAT DIVE INTO THE UNKNOWN — AND ARE WAY COOLER THAN THIS SEMESTER'S TEXTBOOK LISTING.

Enter the Void directed by Gaspar Noé

Entirely shot from the protagonist's point of view, the film opens up as he smokes DMT in a grungy apartment. This "psychedelic melodrama" will send you on an epic odyssey, guiding you through his psychedelic trip, whirling you through the streets of Tokyo, following the protagonist to his death, and what comes after. It's not a popcorn flick or date movie, though it may leave you with existential angst and a hankering for the nearest rom-com.

Interstellar directed by Christopher Nolan

Christopher and Jonathan Nolan worked alongside theoretical physicist Kip Thorne to explore wormholes, space travel and relativity, to bring to life a space odyssey for a new generation. With

the Earth becoming uninhabitable, humanity must find a new planet to inhabit, somewhere in the cosmos. What follows is a journey that transcends space and time, an exploration of the far reaches of the universe and the human soul itself. Do not go gentle into that good night.

It by Stephen King

With a narrative that jumps between 1958 and 1985, *It* follows seven characters as they band together against a shape-shifting, inter-dimensional being that preys on children. You may recall Tim Curry's memorable portrayal of Its human alter ego, Pennywise the clown, in the 1990s television movie. As of December 2014, a two-part big-screen adaptation has been in development, with *True Detective* director Cary Fukunaga attached to the first installment.

House of Leaves by Mark Z. Danielewski

House of Leaves is the *Inception* of literary horror: a mind-bending, psycho-

logically haunting story-within-a-story (within-a-story). It follows father and filmmaker Will Navidson as he documents his family's experience of moving into a new suburban home, ultimately discovering the house is bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. Danielewski steers clear of familiar horror elements — ghosts, demons, overly attached girlfriends — and instead employs the subtly supernatural, making a playground of the human psyche.

Neuromancer by William Gibson

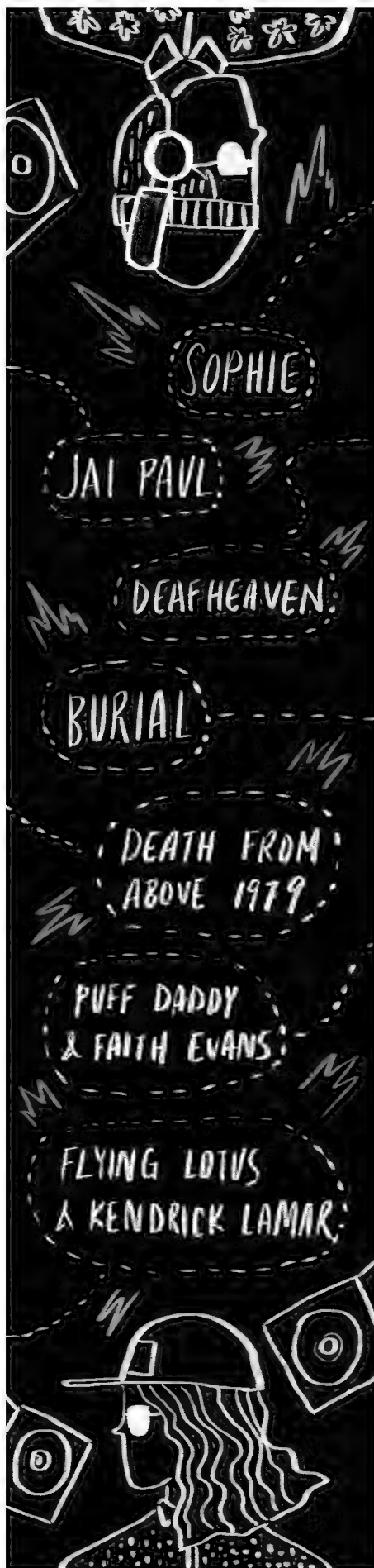
If you've ever heard of the science-fiction subgenre "cyberpunk," there's a good chance you've heard of *Neuromancer*. Gibson's debut novel features computer hackers, drug culture, a gritty city in Japan and cyberspace. In today's world of social networks, Sims and Oculus Rifts, where knowledge is a google search away, multimedia is stored in clouds, and everyone and their dog carries a pocket-sized window into cyberspace, this book will blow your mind with its relevance.

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CHEAP BEATS

BY JONATHAN ZILINSKI
ILLUSTRATION BY JESSICA HONG

AT SEEMINGLY EVERY TURN IN THE MUSIC INDUSTRY IS THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE UNKNOWN. WHETHER IT IS SEEN IN MYSTERIOUS ARTISTS, SAMPLES OR IN SONG-WRITING, WITHOUT A SENSE OF AMBIGUITY, MUSIC EASILY BECOMES VULNERABLE TO PREDICTABILITY. THE UNKNOWN ACTS AS A CENTRAL INSPIRATION FOR ARTISTS ACROSS GENRES IN THE FOLLOWING SONGS:

Sophie – “Lemonade/Hard”

London producer Sophie’s artistic output can be completely characterized by a question mark. His music is debated as a satire against EDM culture. “Lemonade” and “Hard” are filled with sharp turns layered over Sophie’s own twisted take on K-Pop. While his identity still remains unknown to the public, his counterculture statement is an interesting perspective.

Jai Paul – “BTSTU”

There is no present-day artist with a more frustrating career to follow. Jai initially caught the Internet’s attention with this brilliant release back in 2010. In the years past, Jai has remained predominantly out of the public eye, generating loads of hype without having an official album out. A leaked compilation of demos was illegally distributed as his debut album back in 2013 and more than a year later seemingly no one has any idea when or if an album will be released.

Deafheaven – “Sunbather”

Deafheaven’s sophomore album *Sunbather* was subject to scrutiny from the metal community for being too soft and not being “true” black metal. Regardless of whether Deafheaven is black metal, shoegaze, post rock, or any combination of the above, they still released one of the most critically acclaimed albums of 2013. The title track, “Sunbather” is one of its towering pillars — regardless of genre,

the strength and cohesiveness it provides cannot be ignored.

Burial – “Archangel”

Back when 2007’s *Untrue* was released, Burial’s identity still remained unknown. Even after coming forward as William Emmanuel Bevan, fans have still made conspiracy theories that he may actually be Four Tet. Regardless of who he is, Archangel remains Burial’s most known song to date. It’s even more impressive that such a moving piece out of mere seconds of Ray J’s “One Wish.”

Death From Above 1979 – “Trainwreck 1979”

When DFA split in 2006, the break looked to be very serious. Band members Jessie Keeler and Sebastian Grainger had disagreements on every level and weren’t on speaking terms. It was unknown to fans if we would ever hear a new DFA song ever again. However, five years after the split came the fabled Coachella reunion, and 10 years after their first album came “Trainwreck 1979.”

Puff Daddy and Faith Evans ft. 112 – “I’ll Be Missing You”

To this day, the murder of The Notorious B.I.G. remains unsolved, even though there are many theories debating who shot the blossoming hip-hop star and why. Regardless if the incident was truly part of the East vs. West Coast rivalry, the incident today still remains one of the most tragic losses in hip-hop. “I’ll Be Missing You” was recorded in the memory of Biggie, winning a Grammy along the way.

Flying Lotus ft. Kendrick Lamar – “Never Catch Me”

On his fourth studio album *You’re Dead*, Flylo explores the feelings and experiences around the great unknown of death. Kendrick Lamar taunts death on the standout track “Never Catch Me” after he comes to terms with the fact that he will eventually die. Lamar raps with a certain kind of cockiness that he will defeat death by living on through his art and everlasting legacy.

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GTWY.CA/8TRACKS.

COSMOS IN QUESTION

BY KERAN CHRYSLER • PHOTOS BY SPENCER N. CHOLS



WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN THE DEEP ABYSS THAT IS SPACE?

WHILE WE MAY NOT KNOW FOR SURE, COSMOLOGISTS ARE TRYING TO FIND ANSWERS. *Are there aliens? Black holes?* COSMOLOGY STUDIES THE UNIVERSE AS A WHOLE, AND TRIES TO ANSWER THE QUESTION OF WHAT'S REALLY OUT THERE.

DIMITRI POGOSYAN is a Cambridge graduate and a professor in the U of A's Department of Physics, specializing in the study of cosmology. Since he mainly studies theories of the early universe, he answered some of our questions about the vast void of space and time.

Q: *As a cosmologist, what kinds of theories do you work with?*

A: Cosmology, in principle, is the study of the universe as a whole. We study the universe on very large scales or the evolution of the universe over a period of time. On one hand, cosmologists work with theories that are provable and have an observational side, and on the other side, we push boundaries of the unknown and the ideas become mostly speculative. You have to be careful, though — if you push it too far, you stop being scientists and become science fictionists.

Q: *How was the universe born?*

A: In the early stages of the universe, it was in a very hot and dense state. At some point, the hot equilibrium that was the universe began to expand. When the



universe started to expand, it began to cool down. Structures began to form and convert into cooler bodies, and creation of the bodies in the universe we know today began.

Q: *Is there any way to know what happened before the early stages of the universe?*

A: There are areas of cosmology which study these stages preceding this hot stage of the universe. In reality, when you look very far (in the universe), you just see a uniform glowing background. It is at a temperature which is similar to that of the early universe. This is as early as we can see the light. If we go into minute features of this background, there are details that we can see from before this light from the early universe.

Q: *How do we obtain information about our universe?*

A: We can look at the sky, and in practice we see light. We look far into the universe, and we can see light that is reaching us from the past. This light can be interpreted as bodies and in theory, we can see the beginning of the universe. To some extent, our most firm basis to oversee the universe is what we see right now. We see the boundary of the universe.

Q: *Is there a lot of variance of celestial bodies in the universe?*

A: In the last 100 years we have seen that the universe is more or less similar in all directions that we look. So the idea is that the universe is homogenous, as nothing is very different from each other. Solar systems in our galaxy are not dissimilar

from solar systems in other galaxies, and our galaxy is not dissimilar from other galaxies.

The entire universe is very homogenous so if you go to other places, it will not be dissimilar from us. There are limitations on what we can see. Because the universe evolves, we find that the universe expands.

Q: *How much of the universe can we see?*

A: When we look to find the edge of the universe, there is a limit to how much light we can see. Since light travels far to our eyes, we never see the objects at the moment we are looking at them. We see them in the past. But if the past goes to some finite time, then there is a limit to how far we can see. We want to find out what is a bit further than the limit we can see.

ALBERTA UNKNOWN

BY CAMERON LEWIS • ILLUSTRATION BY JESSICA HONG

THERE'S A LOT MORE TO ALBERTA THAN CANOLA FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS — WE HAVE OUR SHARE OF SPOOKY STUFF, TOO.

WHAT'S UNDERNEATH WEST EDMONTON MALL?

West Edmonton Mall is absolutely massive. It covers 490,000 meters, has more than 800 stores, houses the world's largest indoor water park and a wealth of other attractions. So it isn't surprising that a shopping centre of such magnitude would have its fair share of mysteries attached to it.

The most common urban legend regarding the behemoth mall is what exists underneath it. Some people believe that the mall stands above a series of tunnels that connect the homes of the Ghermezian families. Others claim that the tunnels had been refortified as a bomb shelter after 9/11, while some optimists believe it's the foundation of a future LRT station.

WHAT'S THAT SOUND IN THE LA BOHEME HOTEL?

Guests at the La Boheme Bed and Breakfast hotel in Edmonton's Highland district have complained about being woken up in the middle of the night due to eerie creaking sounds and repeated thudding. These creaking and thumping noises can certainly be explained by old, worn-down infrastructure, but that doesn't explain the ghost that apparently appears in the closet. Nobody can explain the footless ghost that will suddenly chill the temperature of the room, but some believe a caretaker murdered his wife at the hotel many years ago and then proceeded to burn her body in the basement's furnace.

THE CURSE OF THE HIDDEN GOLD MINE

At the turn of the 20th century, a group of prospectors from Montana traveled to Alberta to search for gold along the North Saskatchewan River. Two members of the group traveled off on their own and allegedly found a massive haul of gold buried beneath some bedrock at the top of a mountain. The two prospectors

fought over what to do with their treasure, resulting in one killing his partner as he slept. Rumour has it the Chief of the Blackfoot Tribe overheard the spat and laid a curse on the area. Many have searched for the gold rush reported by the prospectors, but have failed and fallen victim to the curse. One prospector allegedly found the mine, but was killed when the cabin he was staying at burned to the ground. To this day, the mine has never been found.

ROOM 873 AT THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

If you travel to Banff to stay at the Banff Springs Hotel, don't bother requesting room 873 — it's allegedly been sealed off after renovations and hotel management have long denied that the hotel is haunted. Legend has it long ago, a family was brutally murdered in the room, but when the police investigation was finished, the room was redecorated and opened up to guests. That didn't last long. People staying in room 873 have reported being woken up in the middle of the night to screams, flickering lights, and the sight of bloody hand prints on the walls and mirrors of the room.

FRANK SLIDE

The Albertan mining town, Frank, was home to one of the largest and deadliest landslides in Canadian history. In 1903, nearly 90 million tons of limestone slid down Turtle Mountain, crushing the mines, most of the community, and the railway into the town. More than 75 people were killed in the disaster and many of the bodies were never found. While the disaster is explainable, many people who have adventured up Turtle Mountain have claimed sights of paranormal activity. It's believed that the spirits of the families of the people who were never found still wander the mountain searching for their loved ones.

ALBERTAN CROP CIRCLES

Crop circles are a large part of popular imagination, and with a province as wide and vast as Alberta, it isn't surprising we've seen our share of massive, bizarre

ABANDONED
HOSPITAL

ALBERTA

TUNNELS

SPARKS?

FRANK



patterns show up on farmland. Most crop circles can be explained as the work of pranksters, or as man made land art, but the crop circles found in Duhamel, a small hamlet outside of Camrose in the 1960s, are still unexplainable to this day. Canada's Department of National Defence investigated the phenomena but were unable to come to a conclusion. Investigators say the rings vary in size, with the smallest one being 31 feet and nine inches in diameter. There's also no evidence of tire marks, exhaust from a vehicle, or signs of human activity outside of the circles. It's suggested that it must be the work of a massive aircraft.

THE SOUND HEARD AROUND THE WORLD

From the United States to England, all the way to Conklin, Alberta, people have reported hearing a powerful, bizarre sound without a trace of origin. People from Colorado, Brazil, England and Malaysia have also reported a similar, powerful, deep, humming sound that appears to be coming from beneath them. The sound in Conklin appears to come and go, as the sound begins as something mechanical, but slowly turns into what apparently sounds like a hollow scream, or loud moan. As of right now, there's no geographical explanation for the sounds, or where they're coming from.

THE CHARLES CAMSELL HOSPITAL

The Charles Camsell Hospital, located in the west side of Edmonton, is regarded as the scariest haunted building in the city. The hospital was originally used to treat tuberculosis patients, but as the epidemic waned, it was given a new function as a general treatment hospital. Controversy surrounding the hospital suggests that the aboriginal population was terribly mistreated by staff, and that various medical experiments were conducted on patients. It's been abandoned since 1996 and residents of the area claim they can feel eyes watching them as they walk or drive by. Recently, a paranormal investigator led a team into the hospital, where they recorded what appears to be sounds of male and female voices coming from the fourth floor — which used to be a psych ward.



WICCA IN THE REAL WORLD

HOW AN "EVANGELICAL ATHEIST"
FOUND FAITH IN AN UNUSUAL PLACE.

BY RICHARD CATANGAY-LIEW
PHOTOS BY SEAN TRAYNER

SAM WAGAR ALWAYS KNEW HE HAD A RELIGION. BUT GROWING UP, HE NEVER REALLY KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

33 years ago, Wagar called himself an "evangelical atheist." He spent his 20s convincing others to denounce their "blind faith," and preaching that no god or "Supreme Being" existed. He was pleased being an atheist, and tried to persuade others to reject their religion and do the same.

But when Larry Smiley, Wagar's close friend and father figure, died in February 1982, Wagar had a "conversion experience."

Smiley's family asked Wagar to serve as a pallbearer at his Roman Catholic funeral. Despite his beliefs towards faith and religion, he accepted.

Wagar respectfully sat through the cycle of prayers and the Absolution of the dead led by the parish priest during the ceremonies. When the Catholic priest spoke about how "great it was that (Smiley) was dead so he could be with Jesus," Wagar disagreed, and thought to himself that Smiley should be there with them, instead.

After Smiley's burial, Wagar caught up with Smiley's girlfriend and reminisced on his close friend's life. It was at that moment that Wagar became aware there was still a sense of connection between him and his lost mentor, which led him to question his atheism.

"I felt that atheism was completely inadequate when it came to death," Wagar says, recalling his departure from his ideologies. "I didn't feel like (Smiley) ceased to exist. Atheism suggests that you only have relationships with people who are alive ... but I didn't feel like my relationship with (Smiley) as my friend had gone away."

While on the train home to Surrey, BC after Smiley's funeral, Wagar started writing poetry to the Mother Goddess, one principle of the great Wiccan Goddess. She is described as the Maiden, the Mother and the Crone, each representing stages of the female life cycle. He says it's hard to explain, but he felt the presence of a "comforting spiritual force that was explicitly female," and he began to explore it.

Wagar then inquired about the Wiccan religion to a friend who he knew was

a High Priestess of the Wiccan Church of Canada, who gave him Starhawk's first book, *The Spiral Dance*. Wagar then researched the rudiments of Wiccan ritual and theology. From there, "it all made sense, and continued to make sense."

Wagar related to the polytheistic stream of Wicca, which worships thousands of gods, and subsequently became a Third Degree Wiccan High Priest in 1985. The once-staunch evangelical atheist had finally found his religion.

As a high priest, Wagar turns ordinary rooms into sacred spaces by symbolically sweeping out any negative energy, then drawing a circle boundary with his finger. He assigns the elements of earth, fire, wind and water in four directions, and then calls the gods to be present with them to participate in song, chat, ritual and spells.

While in service, Wagar often goes into a "trance experience," which enables a direct connection with gods or goddesses, who come into his body, speak through his lips and take total control of his limbs.

Wicca is a decentralized religion, as many Wiccans develop their own beliefs and rituals. But although some Wiccans practice in solidarity, they all emphasize the importance of the feminine being as important as the masculine, the preservation of the environment, positive attitude towards human sexuality as a gift to the Goddess and the passage of seasons.

Wagar, who practices in a coven, hopes to spread that message at the University of Alberta where he's serving as the institution's first ever Wicca chaplain since September 2014.

The U of A Chaplains Association hosts 14 chaplains, including a Catholic, Muslim, Buddhist and Jewish chaplain. While it's typical for post-secondary institutions to accommodate "mainstream" faiths, Wagar supports a more "unknown" minority religion. In the Government of Canada's 2011 National Household Survey, only 10,225 Canadians and 1,535 Albertans identified as Wiccan.

Wagar says when he tells someone he's Wiccan, they usually try to convert him to Christianity or ask him if he worships the devil. After 30 years of acting as a Wiccan high priest, Wagar doesn't get offended when people find him and his religion odd or bizarre.

"Well, they're right," Wagar says. "Wicca is unusual in that all of our clergy people are expected to have mystical trance experiences. So yeah, that is mysterious and weird."

But "mysterious and weird" doesn't

necessarily mean evil, like the stereotypical long-nosed, pointy-hat-wearing, black-magic-performing antagonist wenches that eat children in TV and fiction.

"A lot of what people think about Wicca come from fairy tales or from Disney," he says. "We're probably the only religion in the world that has the Wicked Witch of the West from *The Wizard of Oz* and Disney characters defining the notion of who we are."

"We aren't interested in cursing people and we're not based on somebody's fantasy life ... It's all a load of crap."

Wiccans also don't associate with Satan, endorse sexual assault or sacrifice cats. But they do perform rituals, such as blessing objects for protection or fertility spells for harvest growth. Some Wiccan rituals do require an athame, a double-sided knife, but not to harm — they're used as a beacon of energy in some spells. And when Wagar arrives on campus, he takes the bus — not a magical flying wooden broom.

The only symbol Wiccans hone is an upright pentagon, with each point representing earth, air, fire, water and the spirit, which ties the four elements together.

And the colour black?

"I have been told that many priestesses like to wear the colour black because it's slimming," Wagar says with a chuckle. "It's a good neutral colour and easy to work with. I have a black robe, but only because I was given one."

In addition to serving as the U of A's Wiccan Chaplain, Wagar is also the High Priest of the Congregationalist Wiccan Assembly of Alberta's Ravenwood Temple, located in Edmonton.

As a high priest and chaplain, Wagar's goals include assisting the U of A's Wiccan and Pagan community spiritually, working with other faiths and educating and informing others about the basic beliefs of Wicca.

While there is a large mainstream religion population at the U of A, Wagar has been supporting a "small group" of students, faculty and staff who ascribe to Wicca. Many of them have yet to "step out of the broom closet," and publicly declare their faith out of fear of discrimination, Wagar says. But they've been "delighted" to have a Wicca chaplain for the first time, especially if they start to question their faith, just like Wagar did 33 years ago.

"You don't want people to think you're odd when you're just trying to find your way," Wagar says. "People aren't as comfortable coming out of the closet as Wiccan. I'm here to offer that support."

MAGIC MEDICINE

REIKI STILL RAISES EYEBROWS, BUT IT'S GROWING A LOCAL GROUP OF BELIEVERS

BY COLLINS MAINA • PHOTOS BY SPENCER NICHOLS

Marianne Goestch was as skeptical as most when it came to reiki. But nearly 20 years later, she claims that it changed her life.

In the late 1990s, Goestch was in a higher management position in the corporate world, but the stress and pressures of the position led to a downward spiral into depression.

"I started to experience really high emotions, and a lot of things bothered me more," she says. "Something was wrong and I couldn't pin-point it."

A trip to Germany in 1997, though, exposed her to the benefits of reiki — a spiritual vibrational healing practice developed in Japan by Mikao Usui, in 1922. After being introduced to a reiki teacher, the conversation that ensued left Goestch in complete disbelief.

"I was wondering 'who does she think she is?'" Goestch recalls, stating that the teacher immediately sensed her doubt.

But a trip to the teacher's practice, where she received a treatment and watched others' treatment in action, led to a complete shift in her perspective.

"It was life-changing," she says. "I was astounded by the difference in how (clients) were when they came in and how they were when they left."

Following visits led to lessons for Goestch, who is now a reiki master and teacher who runs her practice from her home in northwest Edmonton. After giving up her corporate job, reiki is now her full-time job as she helps her clients cope with conditions including cancer, heart disease, chronic pain, infertility, depression and sleep issues.

She says the universe made her go in the direction of reiki, and she hasn't looked back since.

THE FOUR LEVELS OF ENERGY

According to Goestch, conventional medicine only heals the physical level of the body. Reiki, though, eases the body and mind into a highly relaxed meditation-like state, which encourages balance on the physical, mental, emotional and spiritual levels.

By doing so, she says reiki supports wellbeing and strengthens people's natural ability to heal.

"The body is constantly in contact with all four levels," Goestch says. "Only when these four levels are in harmony is when we can heal, when we feel comfortable and when we feel healthy."

The key catalyst to achieve balance, however, is energy. Goestch says reiki stems from the concept of universal energy, which activates, releases and transforms peoples' internal energy on all four levels through a light, hands-on technique.



The body absorbs "life force" energy through the spiritual body, which then flows through the mental and emotional bodies for distribution to the physical body through the human energy centers known as "chakras," she explains.

Each chakra corresponds to certain physical systems and their related organs. Therefore unbalanced emotions, thoughts, attitudes and feelings interfere with the body's flow of energy, which could lead to decreased natural energy and immunity due to an accumulation of negative energy within the physical body.

"It's not the practitioner pushing the energy in. It is the client towing it," Goestch says, adding that reiki is a non-invasive energy practice that requires clients to direct the energy to where it is needed.

"The practitioner is really just a tool or a channel."

The energy is channelled in through a person's aura — which is the first energy interphase that bridges the physical and the spiritual levels of the body. But only the individual's body knows where to direct this energy for healing, Goestch says.

"Reiki is the same (universal) energy, but people are all different and have their own different conditions," she says. "Some people have headaches and they want me to treat their head because of the physical pain but the root of that headache may be in a different part of the body."

To align the four levels of the body, the healing practice includes a standard treatment where the practitioner places their hands in different places on, or above, the body. A standard Reiki session takes between 45 and 90 minutes, and may cost anywhere between \$50 to \$150 in Central Alberta, where the average price is around \$70.

Goestch notes that most people actually fall asleep after two or three minutes because it is so relaxing. However, Reiki still works because a client isn't supposed to do anything except relax.

“Regular Reiki treatments can lead to great results,” she says recalling one of her success-cases — a male client who was able to overcome his malignant liver cancer.

“(His doctors) said they couldn’t do much for him, which is when he came to me,” she reflects.

After pushing through his doubts, he went for his first session with Goetsch, who worked on re-building his positive attitude as she provided him with treatments.

After four months of weekly sessions, and some do-at-home treatments, Goetsch says that his following check-up revealed that his cancer had shrunk enough for it to be operable. This eventually led to two operations that took out all the liver cancer and led to her client’s full recovery.

“It is these experiences with clients that allow me to stand 100 per cent behind reiki,” Goetsch says.

A 2013 study by researchers at the McMaster Institute of Applied Radiation Sciences reveals that alternative medicine techniques such as reiki produce “very good” outcomes for patients with intractable pain and chronic illnesses.

The data found in their study suggested that alternative techniques altered the response of cells to radiation. As a result, it concluded that practices such as reiki could have therapeutic gain during radiotherapy — commonly used to treat cancer.

“This is all proven,” Goetsch says. “It is not just hocus pocus.”

SPIRITUALITY AND ALTERNATIVE TREATMENT

Donna Dux, a reiki master who runs her own practice in Wetaskiwin, AB says she’s received feedback from several people on how reiki threatens their religious beliefs. This prevents people from going for a Reiki session, making it one of the major challenges the practice faces today.

However, reiki has the potential to strengthen an individual’s connection with their religion, Goetsch explains.

“The more you develop in the spiritual way, the stronger this healing energy will get,” Goetsch says, noting that in this case “spirituality has absolutely nothing to do with religion.”

Dux points out that Reiki is more of a complementary practice than an alternative one. Alternative medicine would be something one would replace conventional medicine such as acupuncture,

osteopathy or chiropractic, she says.

“As a Reiki practitioner we would never suggest to someone to do reiki in place of medical treatment,” Dux says. “But you also don’t need to have a medical problem to receive Reiki.”

Reiki is now gaining popularity worldwide as a complementary healing practice as it is used more and more in hospitals, nursing homes and hospices.

Goetsch is part of the University of Alberta’s Complementary Alternative Research and Education (CARE) program. The program offers alternative medicinal treatment to patients at the Stollery Children’s Hospital who are participating in the Pediatric Integrative Trial.

Director of the CARE Program, Sunita Vohra said that many children in the hospital suffer from pain, anxiety, nausea, and vomiting. Despite having prescription pills to control these symptoms, these usually come with side effects such as sedation.

“Patients want the opportunity to reduce symptoms without necessarily being

asleep,” Vohra says.

This is the reason why they are studying the effectiveness of complementary therapies, such as Reiki, which have been suggested to be helpful for some of these symptoms.

“Complementary therapies are of great interest to patients,” she says. “We think good quality evidence is helpful to guide decision-making.”

The trial, which started in 2013, also treats patients by integrating the use of complementary and alternative medicine with conventional medical practices. Goetsch said that the success of the trial has resulted in even more hospital wings opening up to them in the next trial, which began on Jan. 19 2015.

She says that she would like to see conventional and alternative medicine work together in harmony within society and in health institutions.

“We need both,” Goetsch said. “We cannot just heal the physical body because we have four levels that have to be in balance to heal.”





CREEPY CAMPUS

BY SYLVIA WONG
 ILLUSTRATION BY JESS CA HONG

FROM LOST GHOST CHILDREN TO LOVE-SICK NURSES, CAMPUS HISTORIAN ELLEN SCHOECK CAME ACROSS A NUMBER OF SUPERNATURAL STORIES WHILE RESEARCHING FOR HER BOOK, *I WAS THERE: A CENTURY OF ALUMNI STORIES ABOUT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, 1906-2006*. HERE ARE FOUR OF HER SPOOKIEST STORIES OF THE HAUNTS THAT ROAM U OF A'S HALLS.

ATHABASCA HALL

The story of this wandering ghost, who was a little boy wearing a plaid shirt and wool pants, takes us back to the construction of this building that started in 1910. The boy's family lived by the North Saskatchewan River, as they were a part of the work camp that was building Athabasca Hall. As we all know, playing by the river can be dangerous, but the young boy didn't care. After a day of fun, he returned

home only to find out he left his jacket by the river. He went back to the river to retrieve it, and his family later found his body in the morning, frozen with blue lips. It was assumed that the father of the child buried his son near the river before fleeing Edmonton with his wife.

In 2001, an anonymous woman told *The Gateway* that her husband saw the "boy with the blue lips" wandering Athabasca Hall in the late 1940s. She recalled a boy "of about eight" with blue lips and frosty eyelashes, shivering and sobbing while looking around the ground as if he had lost something. The woman said that every year at the end of autumn, the ghost appears near Pembina Hall before running into the river valley.

POWER PLANT

Ghosts disturbed the employees at the Graduate Students' Association back in 2004, when their offices were in the Power Plant. President of the association back then, Alexis Pépin, recalls mysterious dropping of objects in rooms. She insists the rooms were empty, because all the doors were locked. Other than that, Pépin also recalled hearing someone's scurrying footsteps around the building and faulty lights. If you know a real person didn't do all these creepy things, then it must have been a ghost, right?

RING HOUSE 1

Emma Read Newton was the wife of Robert Newton, President of the U of A from 1941 to 1950 and they resided in Ring House 1 (a red brick building located on the northwest corner of the University of Alberta campus). Shoeck says the building's staff recall hearing Emma's footsteps climbing the stairs and her fondness of propping doors open and closed. The staff also know she exists when they smell cigarettes in the house, where smoking is not allowed. Emma wants your attention.

PEMBINA HALL

As a building that served as temporary lodging for the military during World War I and a hospital during flu epidemic, it isn't hard to believe that Pembina Hall has cooked up a number of ghost stories. This brings us to the ghosts of a pair of star-crossed lovers. It is rumoured that the ghost of a nurse resides in Pembina Hall, searching all these years for her lover who died during the flu pandemic.

STUDENT SUICIDE

*EXPLORING THE
REALITIES BEHIND
MENTAL HEALTH*

BY ANDREA ROSS
PHOTO BY SPENCER NICHOLS

NO ONE THOUGHT MACKENZIE PAWLUK WOULD TAKE HIS OWN LIFE.

The tall and handsome 18-year-old Sherwood Park teen was excited about recently moving out on his own. He supported himself by working long hours doing a job he loved in the sewage and drainage industry. He was self-sufficient and responsible for his age, and had just rebuilt a vehicle he bought in cash.

The youngest of three boys, he remained close with his family after moving out. He had a special bond with his baby sister, Sophie. The two were inseparable from the moment she was born seven years ago, cheek-to-cheek in every family photograph. As she grew older, Pawluk was the first to offer to babysit when his mother, Kathleen Smith, needed some alone time.

Pawluk went to his parents' place over the holidays to wish them a merry Christmas. It was the last time his mother saw him.

He committed suicide on December 30, 2014, just four days shy of his 19th birthday.

"All those things that a mother hopes their child is blessed with ... my son had that, and every opportunity possible," Smith says. "But he had a deep pain inside of him that we couldn't reach."

According to the World Health Organization, someone around the world commits suicide every 40 seconds. The Canadian Mental Health Association states suicide accounts for 24 per cent of all deaths among 15–24 year olds in Canada, and it's the second leading cause of death for Canadians between the ages of 10 and 24. Men are four times more likely to commit suicide than women.

These staggering statistics mean more to Smith than ever. A popular Edmonton blogger and a prolific Twitter user under the name @KikkiPlanet, she's used to openly discussing everything from politics to movies and food with her 15,000 followers. So when her son committed suicide, she knew she wasn't going to keep his cause of death quiet.

While families of victims of suicide often choose to mourn quietly, Smith has

since become an active participant in the discussion surrounding mental health and suicide.

"He took his own life, and there's no changing that. But it doesn't mean his life isn't worthy of being remembered," she says.

"By keeping others from talking about it, we don't have to face our own fear. I can fight for other people's kids, so that's what I'm going to do. His life will be more than something people whisper about behind their hands at parties."

Smith says her son's death was preventable if he had access to appropriate resources sooner.

The Canadian Mental Health Association says studies show more than 90 per cent of suicide victims have a diagnosable psychiatric illness. Smith's son struggled with mental health issues for years but was never able to find professional help that worked for him — either wait times for a psychologist were up to eight months (something Smith says is a "death sentence" for a suicidal person) or previously prescribed treatments didn't work for him.

She said tremendous societal pressure to succeed is a major contributor to precarious mental health in youth.

"I don't think we stop to realize the pressure that this generation is under," she says. "My generation, it's a good thing if you got a post-secondary education. For this generation, you're almost a failure if you don't. That is huge pressure on kids. We're telling them at 18 'this is it for the rest of your life.'"

Pawluk wasn't a student, but faced many of the same pressures and mental health issues many youth encounter today.

Two students died on campus during the fall 2014 semester at the University of Alberta — one student in HUB Mall in October, and another student in the Schaffer Hall residence in November. Both deaths were declared non-criminal.

U of A Dean of Students Robin Everall says there are no records kept of non-criminal deaths on campus, but when a student dies the university reaches out to the family of that student to offer support and condolences. The president will write a letter to the family, the university will provide a certificate of attendance, and if a student is very close to completing their studies, occasionally a post-humous degree will be granted in that student's name.

The university has a two-page response procedure detailing how the institution responds to a student death. But the institution won't formally and openly discuss the death of a student unless it is widely covered in the media, and won't talk about suicidal death unless the family gives them permission to do so, Everall says.

"The difficulty with that is that a lot of students then feel like we're trying to sweep the issue under the rug," she says. "We should talk about suicide prevention on campus, (but) we are being respectful of those who have lost somebody."

Everall says national college health assessment surveys show 1.2 per cent of the student population attempts suicide every year, and that eight per cent of students contemplate suicide. Because of this, the university is actively working against stigmatizing suicide and are constantly looking to improve communication with students when it comes to the topic, she adds.

"It's a difficult message to get out, that we care, we pay attention. But in times of tragedy, the most important thing is to show that we care," she says. "It's not about formal procedure and walking through the steps. It's about human compassion and reaching out in a way that's appropriate."

The Alberta government announced in 2013 the U of A, University of Calgary and University of Lethbridge would each receive \$3 million in grant funding over three years to better develop and expand campus mental health services.

In 2011, the U of A hired two community social workers to support mental health initiatives on campus. Provincial funding allowed for the hiring of four more social workers between 2012 and 2015. Over the past few years, Community Social Work Coordinator Sheena Abar says the role of campus social workers has changed from being front line workers to helping students fix mental health problems at the structural level.

Working out of a small office in HUB mall, the Community Social Work Team relies on external funding to keep the program afloat, and there's no guarantees they will be able to keep all current staff once this funding runs out.

But Abar says the quaint office has a big impact on students.

"As social workers, that's a huge piece, to make sure people have the social

support networks in place, whether that's basic needs supports or actually someone they can turn to," Abar says. "We try to keep our pulse on what students are saying and how they're feeling about things."

The team was recently working with students living in residence who were affected by the non-criminal deaths of two of their peers in the fall semester. The team focuses specifically on loneliness and isolation, and 62.5 per cent of students on campus in 2013 reported feeling extreme loneliness in the 12 months prior, Abar says.

This rings true for the many students living in residence who come from other countries.

The social work team offers training sessions for students to teach them how to support each other through the stress of university. The two-day Community Helpers Program aims to teach participants how to converse with someone experiencing a challenging situation, dealing with relationships, conflict resolution and social issues, as well as how to recognize warning signs of suicide and depression.

The program trained 175 participants between Dec. 2013 and April 2014. Between Sept. 2014 to Jan. 2015, 125 more participants were trained. Abar says she expects to see this number continue to increase as discussing mental health issues becomes less taboo in the university environment.

"It's a long change, and it can be an uphill battle in changing environments," she says. "But that doesn't mean bit by bit changes can't happen. I've seen a lot of change at the U of A over the past three years."

Continuing to foster an atmosphere of openness surrounding the discussion of mental health will be a key aspect of student support on campus in years, to come, Everall says. The training and support programs currently available are vital services for the U of A's 39,000 students, but there's still work to be done to break the stigma surrounding mental health, she says.

"It's a good sign when people are talking about it, because it means people are paying attention, taking it seriously and willing to start to do something about it," Everall says.

"It's not that tough to talk about. It's tough to lose people ... that's the tough part."

LOVE THY

Strathcona, Westmount, Garneau, Oliver, and Highlands — these Edmonton communities win a spot on Avenue Edmonton magazine's "Top Ten Neighbourhoods" list every year. But have you ever heard someone say that they're going for a drive to see the houses in Inglewood or the churches in McCauley? Or how often do you hear someone say that they'd love to live in the French Quarter? Whether you have or you haven't, we need to start discussing and exploring these underdogs more.

The lesser-known neighbourhoods of Edmonton typically come up in conversation for two reasons: a landmark or their crime rates. Inglewood and McCauley tend to be monthly targets of crime, while McKernan and the French Quarter are primarily recognized for the LRT station and Campus Saint-Jean, respectively.

But walking through Inglewood, one gets to see post-WWII homes, each with their own whimsical character. As for visiting McCauley, one would need to set aside at least half their day to fully



'HOOD

PHOTOS BY

KEVIN SCHENK & CHRISTINA VARVIS

appreciate the culture that this area boasts — a walk through the Historical Street of Churches is a must in every season. The French Quarter is grounded by La Cité Francophone, a grand centre with a farmers market, and several other businesses, including the popular Café Bicyclette. Lastly, McKernan is a beautiful, mostly residential neighbourhood that harbours surprises both in its history and present. For instance, before the 1940s, the neighbourhood flowed around McKernan Lake and was one of the Toonerville Trolley's

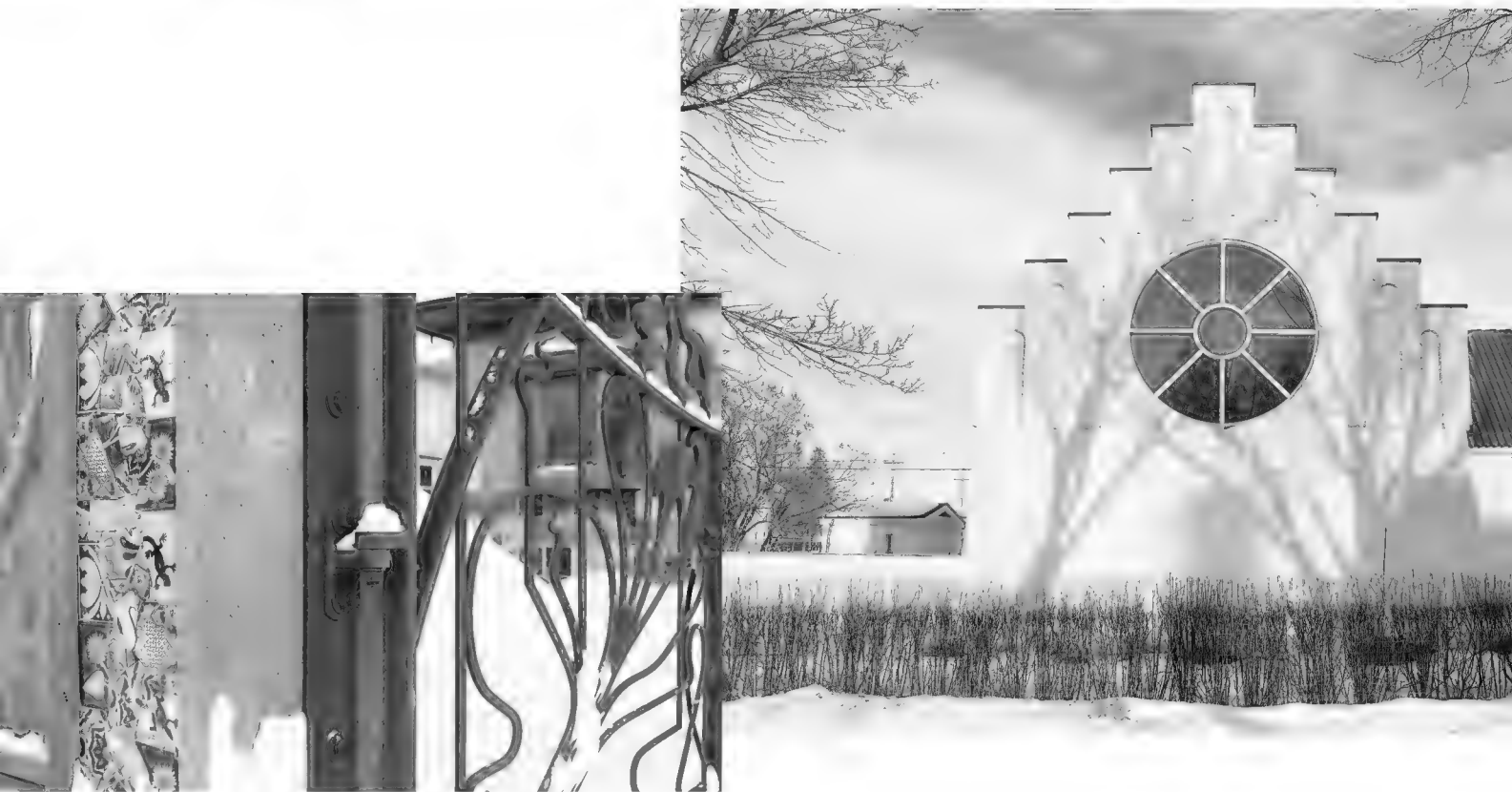
destinations. Today, it offers a peaceful and manicured community park, a convenient barbershop, and an even more convenient pizzeria, all that give it a sense of home — even if you don't live there.

Viewing these neighbourhoods in the way that a tourist would will save them during this time where Edmonton is seeking a new, urban face. They have been a valuable and significant part of the city in the past, and should be able to continue that reputation for many years and generations to come.

INGLEWOOD

The supposedly haunted Charles Camsell Hospital barricaded with chain wire and knitted hearts.







CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:

INGLEWOOD One of the few schools in the city that retains its retro style.

MCCAULEY Year-round summer and cappuccinos.

MCCAULEY Window stickers adorn the Cornerstone New Testament Church of God.

MCCAULEY The Ansgar Danish Lutheran Church brings European flair to McCauley.

INGLEWOOD Glimpse of the artistic side to Inglewood.





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:
 MCKERNAN Barbershop and pizza are two of the few businesses in McKernan.
 FRENCH QUARTER A painting weathers the cold outside the French art gallery.
 MCKERNAN A small gazebo stands out in the McKernan public garden.
 FRENCH QUARTER Shops and even a farmer's market reside inside La Cité Francophone.
 MCKERNAN The McKernan/Belgravia LRT station keeps the community connected.
 FRENCH QUARTER A mural adorns a bright yellow wall beside a closed drugstore.

BACHELORS IN PANIC

NAVIGATING POST-SECONDARY WHEN AN UNCERTAIN JOB MARKET LIES AHEAD

BY ANDREW JEFFREY

When Ruslan Bergenov was 15 years old, his high school English teacher told him he was a promising kid with a bright future.

10 years later, Bergenov woke up and took a long, hard look at his life. He'd spent his entire adult life so far studying education, but hadn't embarked on a career of his own yet. At 25 years old, he still saw himself as just what his English teacher had called him: a promising student, but nothing more. It was at this moment that Bergenov's slow loss of his professional identity truly began.

"Between the ages of 18 and 25, I had always identified myself as a teacher," Bergenov says. "Then I sort of lost this identity and it's hard, especially if you're not from here, if you're an international student."

Bergenov, a native of Yekaterinburg, Russia, experienced this early identity crisis before he had even finished his education. In Russia, he studied to be a teacher from 2004 to 2009, and came to the University of Alberta in 2012 to complete its two-year advanced linguistics Master's program. The plan was to obtain his masters and PhD on his way to eventually working as a professor.

"This is when my quarter-life crisis started," Bergenov says. "This is when I lost my professional identity."

Education had been Bergenov's passion for years. He travelled away from home in 2011 to teach Russian in the United States before continuing his studies in Canada. But the difficult job market teachers face in the current economy and the U of A's own financial struggles discouraged Bergenov from continuing this pursuit.

In 2012, when he started his Master's program, he saw the U of A going through budget cuts, and began noticing that the labour market in academia was only going to get worse.

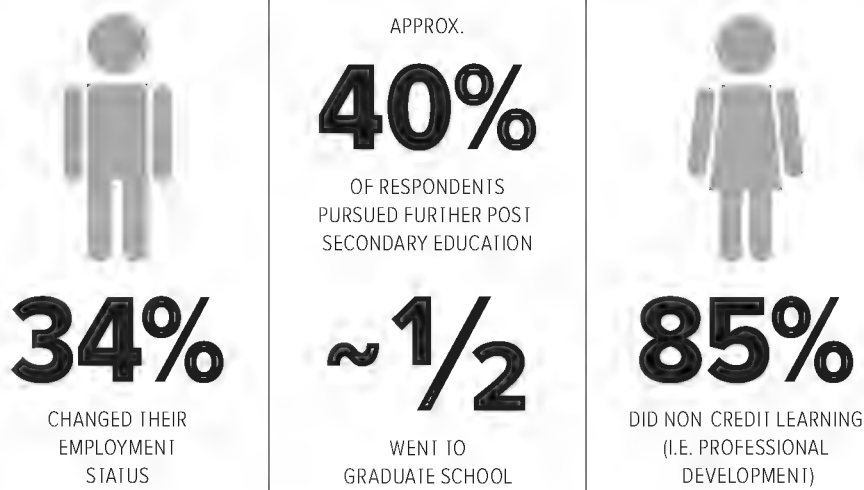
"So I thought 'I need to change my occupation.' Not just get a job, but change my occupation. I need to change my professional identity, because I lost that

previous identity," he says.

Bergenov researched a variety of different career paths and settled on marketing his new pursuit. But though he's found that he loves working with numbers, his new career path is a far cry from what he originally expected for himself and what he originally thought he wanted when he was younger. Now, he works as a digital asset management intern in the U of A's Office of Advancement, conducting

Overall, the current unemployment rate in Canada is slowly going down. In January 2015, it dropped to 6.6 per cent, with Alberta specifically experiencing a small upswing in employment. Finding work, though, doing exactly what a student had always envisioned and dreamed for themselves is still a challenge. But no university student needs to see any statistic to understand how difficult job prospects can be.

UALBERTA CLASS OF 2005: BETWEEN 2005–2010



research to find potential donors among the university's alumni — far from any classroom work.

Bergenov says it's common for students to feel stress, anxiety and even depression — not just about academic demands and expectations, but stress when faced with the question of what to do next once the safety net of returning to university every September is gone.

"You feel anxious when you just do your degree and you know there's no jobs in your degree," Bergenov says. "Most graduate students who do masters or PhDs in humanities, they're very anxious because they're just afraid you graduate and you become unemployed, or you'll end up doing a job in some mall, some job you don't need to have a degree for."

The service on campus that helps guide students through these problems most often is CAPS, the U of A's career centre. The service helps students prepare for their first job interviews, put together a resume, find job shadowing opportunities and career mentors, and even critique students' LinkedIn pages.

CAPS Career Education Manager Blessie Mathew says stereotypes persist that it's difficult to find a career after pursuing different degrees, like Philosophy or English, that don't have a clear application in today's job market. But Mathew says the job market is more inaccessible for a variety of students than that stereotype indicates.

"We're kind of in a spot in the economy now where there's not one profession

that's really, really suffering," Mathew says. "If you take nursing for instance, that's one that's not-so-easy at times to find work. Those students are really left trying to find alternative ways to apply their degree ... For education students in particular, we have a whole suite of resources for other ways to apply that degree, and it's the same thing for nursing."

CAPS helped Bergenov find a new career path after he stopped pursuing education by setting him up with job shadowing and career mentoring services. Mathew says they often see students come into their office with similar career crises to what Bergenov experienced.

The effects of these crises can go deeper than just stress or anxiety about the future. Even though CAPS isn't equipped for personal counselling services, Mathew says the service often sees the students showing signs of depression.

"The stress of school, the anxiety of a transition and the rejection you can sometimes face in your work search can really snowball into terrible things sometimes for students," Matthew says.

While it's naturally seen as a time for celebration, volunteers at the Peer Support Centre, an emotional support service on campus, are well aware that graduation also presents a loss to students moving on from their studies and from the routine they've grown accustomed to.

"That can be really overwhelming and (students) can grieve that loss, and a lot of people really don't associate a loss and grieving with graduating," says Peer Support Centre Program Manager, Katie Allan.

Individual ideas of success may differ, but the trials and tribulations of entering into the job market is troubling to every student, regardless of what they graduate with. In Matthew's experience at CAPS, she says she's seen periods of time where even fields thought to be as lucrative as engineering go through hard times for students and young

aspiring workers.

The best students can do for themselves, she says, is make themselves fully aware of every way their degree can be applied to work in the job market, even outside of their traditional expectations. She also suggests finding as many opportunities as they can to gain experience working outside of the usual hours they spend on schoolwork.

"The more prepared student will have gotten involved in multiple activities during university that allows them to combine and leverage their skills in unique ways. If they can recognize that and communicate that to employers, that automatically opens up options that aren't available to their fellow student," she says.

This was exactly the situation Bergenov found himself in nearly three years ago. But, he was lucky to not only find another career path to follow, but to find a new passion, a new line of work that he truly enjoys.

From Bergenov's perspective, though, this just means that there's more prospective U of A students should keep in mind the reality of their career prospects when they're applying for school and prepare themselves for future setbacks.

"The best way to find something that you like is to do it. And when you start doing it, you're going to fail, maybe a few times," Bergenov says. "Find something that you really like, but at the same time, make sure that it's in demand on the job market."

It's simple advice, but there's not much more a student can tell themselves when deciding what path they want to take their education and their future career.

There's no secret to solving this mystery. Even when you think you have your future all figured out, like Bergenov had hoped, any student — regardless of faculty or year of study — could still find themselves in a new career miles away from what they'd ever expected for themselves.

6 MONTHS AFTER GRADUATING

83%

OF RESPONDENTS WERE EMPLOYED

8%

WERE UNEMPLOYED

9%

WERE NOT WORKING
& NOT LOOKING FOR WORK

5 YEARS AFTER GRADUATING

95%

OF RESPONDENTS WERE EMPLOYED

1.5%

WERE UNEMPLOYED

3.5%

WERE NOT WORKING
& NOT LOOKING FOR WORK

STATS TAKEN FROM CAPS GRADUATE
EMPLOYMENT SURVEY OF U OF A
GRADUATES OF 2005

AFTERLIFE

ASKED & ANSWERED

INTERVIEW & PHOTOS BY
CHRISTINA VARVIS

The U of A Chaplains Association offers spiritual guidance and support to 14 different religions. We spoke to three chaplains on one of the greatest unknowns out there: what happens after we die?



MATTHUMAGALA CHANDANANDA,
BUDDHIST CHAPLAIN AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Q: *How do you define death?*

A: In Buddhism, death is twofold: one is momentary death, another one is conventional death. To understand this momentary death, Lord Buddha, the awakened one, invited us to see that everything in the universe is flickering, just as fluorescent lights flicker about 120 times per second. Our train of consciousness also flickers at a much faster speed. Therefore, in every moment, we take birth and suffer death. On the other hand, conventional

death is a kind of illusion. Due to aging or a sickness, a time comes when this flickering train of consciousness cannot be supported by this body any longer.

Q: *Do you believe that there is a life after death for humans — an afterlife?*

A: I do not believe in a life after death. I have begun to see that the conventional death could not be the end of this train of consciousness. If we explore what happens in this particular moment, we will be able to understand what happens after death. We always try to sort of fantasize, to live in the future or in the past, and we come to some confused state. Unless you explore what happens in this particular moment with mindfulness, it is unlikely that you can understand what really happens after the point of death.

Q: *Do you think that humans, after passing away, could return to this life?*

A: Yes, it can happen and as some studies suggest, some people can even remember their past lives. I think this concept can also explain why we sometimes feel a great sense of belongingness or aversion with some people, even at the very first sight.

Q: *What are your thoughts on near-death experiences? Can they be seen as verification of life after death?*

A: Some of those experiences like seeing a divine abode or darkness can be indicators of their next dwelling, while many

other observations might not be worth anything more than hallucinations. But one very important point in Buddhism is, the heavenly life and hell life is not eternal. There is nothing eternal in Buddhism.

Q: *Are you afraid of dying and do you think about it often?*

A: With my practice of meditation, I think about death quite often and I am becoming increasingly less and less afraid of death. I am afraid of being born again, because when we sign up for a new life, we also sign up for an untold amount of suffering. I have seen that when I'm not mindful, I'm afraid of death.

RICHARD REIMER, LUTHERAN
CHAPLAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF
ALBERTA

Q: *How do you define death?*

A: Well, physical death is defined medically as the cessation of brain activity. But there's another kind of death I think, and that is a kind of soul death. We lose the spirit of living and in that sense, maybe it's a consequence of being beaten down, giving up, or giving ourselves over to destructive impulses, powers.

Q: *Do you believe that there is a life after death for people — an afterlife?*

A: Yes, but I don't see it as a discontinuance. If heaven isn't about some other place, but it's about a dimension of here and now, then what I believe is that there is a continuity between that heaven that we experience now and the life to come or the afterlife. The way some persons have described it is that we move from the near presence of God to the nearer presence of God.

Q: *Do you think that people, after passing away, could return to this life?*

A: I believe in the resurrection of a body. Christians too often have been characterized as believing in the immortality of the soul. But no, Christians are grounded in the Hebrew story where God animates a body and that body is God's good creation. But reincarnation, that's more of the platonic to me. I know some people that believe that, but I don't.

Q: *What are your thoughts on near-death experiences? Can they be seen as a*

verification of life after death?

A: I don't see them as proof if you will of life after death. To me, the proof is in the walk that I'm on already. It's in my experience of God in the present, and my conviction, my faith that's not going to cease, that's only going to continue in a more fully realized way. The proof is in the lived experience, day to day.

Q: *Are you afraid of dying and do you think about it often?*

A: I think, to be honest, I'm afraid of dying painfully. I was diagnosed with stage-four lung cancer five years ago and why I'm still here is a kind of mystery. I just had my 65th round of chemotherapy. I think that really the big fear to overcome is the fear of really living, and by that I mean having the courage to engage the things that my faith calls me to engage. I'm consumed with engaging in this life, and a big part of that is my faith, because I don't see heaven as divorced from this life. Heaven isn't an escape patch. It's a dimension of this life and we can join Jesus in celebrating the goodness of creation and grieve the ways in which it's broken, and be part of His work to redeem it.

SHELBY HAQUE, MUSLIM CHAPLAIN AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Q: *How do you define death?*

A: Death, from a physiological point of view, is when the processes of life stop at a cellular level. But the Prophet of Muhammad said, when people die, they wake up. In other words, it's the start of what we would consider the real life or the life of eternity.

Q: *Do you believe that there is a life after death for humans — an afterlife?*

A: Yeah, without doubt. From the Muslim point of view, there absolutely is a life after death, and that life begins from the moment you go into the grave, in fact. The life of this world is described as play and amusement, but when the life of the hereafter comes, that's the real life. It's eternal life.

Q: *Do you think that humans, after passing away, could return to this life?*

A: In the Quran, there are specific verses that mention that people will die and they



will see the punishment and they'll ask God to come back to Earth just even for a moment so that they could just do some good deed, that they could come to the Day of Judgement with some good deed, and they won't be allowed to do that. You get one chance. You either use it or you lose it.

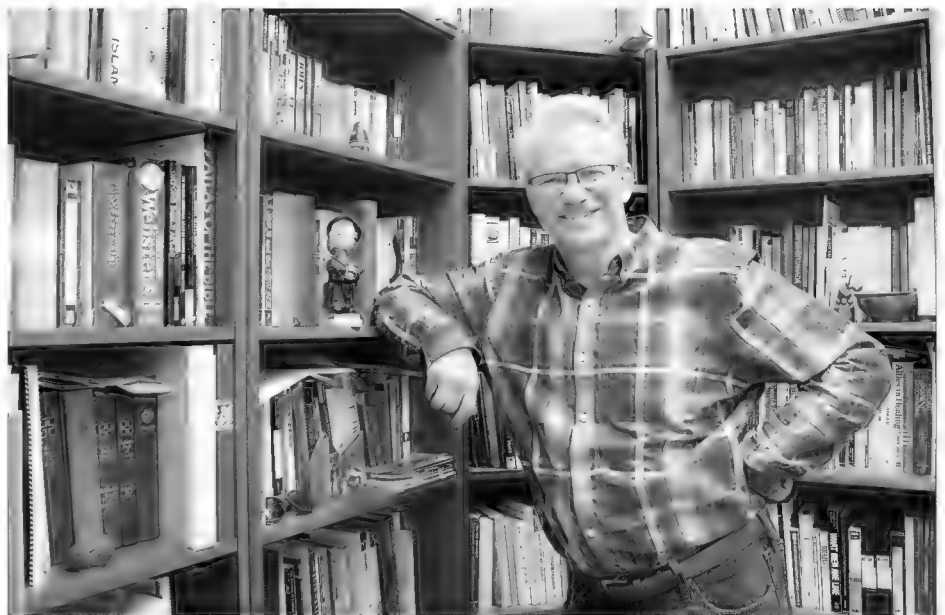
Q: *What are your thoughts on near death experiences and can they be seen as verification of a life after death?*


A: I don't know that it's a verification or a refutation for life after death, but I do believe that there are multiple ways of perceiving the world and that we only sort of know about, or we're only kind of consciously aware of certain of them.

Maybe there is some other way of perceiving, like there's things that we could perceive about the world that we can't actually physically see.

Q: *Are you afraid of dying and do you think about it often?*

A: I'll be honest with you — I think about death all the time. I work as an emergency room physician, so I see death and I deal with families who have to deal with the death of loved ones, and that's what I do for a living, both for my job as a chaplain and my job as a physician. I don't know if I'm afraid of death. I mean, obviously you love the people that you've left behind, but I always try to live my life in a way that I have no regrets.





APOCALYPSE BOOK CLUB

"PAY UP."

Wade chuckles. "Can I sit down first?" He joins Martha on the bench. Last-minute holiday shoppers have flooded West Edmonton Mall. "Bought you a coffee." At twenty-six years of age, Wade has firmly entrenched himself in caffeine addiction.

Martha removes the lid and sets the cup down beside her. She pulls a packet of sugar from her purse. "Thanks. I'll take it off of what you owe me. Now it's only \$1,999,997."

"Is that all?" Wade removes his coat. "Double or nothing?"

"Of course," says Martha. "How will the world end this week?"

"Climate change," says Wade.

Martha swirls her coffee to mix in the sugar. "That's a pretty boring suggestion for you. Usually it's robots or alien overlords. You sure climate change?"

"Pretty sure."

"Okay," says Martha. "Hope you're ready to pay me four million next Sunday."

"If the world's still here," says Wade. They cheers. Wade eyes the crutches Martha has tucked under the bench. "How's the leg? I could have picked you up, you know. You don't have to take the bus to meet me here." He doesn't know much about the accident, but he knows her femur took the worst of it and he knows it's pretty bad.

When Wade first met Martha, she was hobbling on her crutches along the path to the community hall where they were about to attend their first book club meeting. Ice, dotted with salt, coated the pavement. Martha refused to let Wade help her

into the building. A wounded elk came to mind: sturdy build, dark eyes, tentative motion.

Martha shrugs. "Don't worry about me," she says. "The world is going to end this week anyway, remember?" She pauses for a moment as a woman laden with shopping bags drags her young, jam-covered daughter into Bath & Body Works. "Have you told Kim yet?" asks Martha.

"She doesn't care much for speculating about the apocalypse," says Wade.

"Not about that," says Martha. "I mean have you told her about this — that you're not really going to book club every week?"

"No. Not yet." He knows where she is taking this.

"We're just talking, Wade. There's no shame in making friends."

In the four years since he began dating Kim, Wade had never known her to "just talk."

"She wouldn't understand, okay? You're younger and — I don't know — female."

"I'm four years younger than you," says Martha. "It's not that weird."

"How about you? Have you told your ski chums about me?" he says.

"You're deflecting."

"So are you."

Martha sighs, frustrated. "Fine. No, I haven't told my ski chums about you because you're an unemployed accountant and there is nothing about that that's not boring. I'm also not living with them."

Wade takes a deep swig of his coffee. The cup is nearly



BY CHARLOTTE CRANSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JESSICA HONG

empty.

"You do realize you're going to have a heart attack before you're thirty if you keep drinking all that caffeine," says Martha.

Wade appreciates the change in conversation. He leans back a little as he gulps the rest of his drink. "Bring it on," he says, smirking. "When I'm in heaven I'll get myself a never-ending fountain of coffee, have another heart attack, and go to a better heaven with better coffee."

He seems younger when he jokes like this. Martha notices how lanky he is beneath his grey-collared shirts —like a teenage boy wearing his father's clothes. She chuckles. "All the wonders of the universe at your fingertips and you choose a fountain."

"What would you want?" says Wade. "If you could choose your heaven?"

"Choose Your Heaven!" roars Martha in her best game-show voice. "One lucky winner will get all of time and space, coming up right after these messages."

A couple passersby flash Martha a look. She winks at one of them, a professional sort of man, and he quickly looks away. Wade laughs.

"Anyway," says Martha, "I try not to get my hopes up after-life-wise. It's a cute bedtime story and everything, but I'd rather focus on what's going on down here."

"Seriously?" says Wade. "You don't believe anything comes after this?"

"No. When I die I'll be dirt and so will you."

"I disagree. If there's nothing else, then life doesn't mean anything."

"Life means whatever meaning you give it." Martha adjusts her injured leg. "If you're going to get upset about it we can

drop it."

"I'm not upset," says Wade. "I'm just curious about your reasoning." He has lost that boyish look.

"People like you spend way too much time trying to figure out the next step in life," says Martha. "It's a waste of time, trying to figure out the meaning of life, the meaning of death."

"People like me?"

"People like you. Predictable, think-inside-the-box university grads waiting for things to fall into place."

Martha can sense that she has said something wrong. Wade's smile fades and he furrows his brow in the same way he did when they first met, right before the argument. "You've known me for four weeks, Martha. You don't get to decide how I live my life."

"I'm not trying to!" She stares at him, incredulous, then frustrated. "Calm down, Wade. You asked me a question and I answered. I'm sorry if you don't like it, but that's what I think."

Wade leans forward, resting his elbows on his thighs. Somehow this irks Martha even further; she hates when he shuts down like this. She knows she shouldn't push the subject, but her mouth gets the better of her.

"Why can't some things be left unknown?" she continues. "We should just enjoy life without having to search for some higher purpose. You, everyone, you have this obsession with what comes next and it's crap. Why bother? What is the point?"

Wade stares at a mark on the floor. "Kim is pregnant." He exhales slowly like a balloon deflating, crumpling. "That has to mean something."

Martha watches a group of teenagers weave past a slow-walking elderly couple. Her mouth is suddenly dry. She sips her



coffee and asks softly, "How long...?"

Wade sits back up. "We found out yesterday. I guess I'm a bit on edge. I'm sorry for snapping at you like that. She's only a few weeks. We're not telling anyone yet, we want to be sure."

"So that's it then," says Martha. "No more book club."

"Who says?"

"Your baby says. You're going to have a kid. You can't hang around your apartment anymore, you'll need a job. I assume Kim is going to want to get a house, probably in Sherwood Park or Terwillegar or some other fancy suburb, and —"

Wade interrupts, exhausted. "Does everything have to be an argument with you?"

"We wouldn't be here if we didn't argue," says Martha.

When Martha met Wade she knew right away she didn't like him. He wore one of those double-breasted jackets that men wore pretentiously Downtown or along Whyte Ave.

"Do you remember their faces?" says Wade, a grin beginning to twitch at the corner of his mouth. "All those old book-club ladies must have been horrified by us."

Martha giggles. "That one lady with the cat purse looked like she was about to have a stroke when you started shouting."

"And then you stole all their sugar packets on the way out...."

"They were right there!" exclaims Martha in a playfully defensive tone. "They had the whole tea set out and nobody was drinking it."

"No wonder they didn't invite us back."

"I don't think we weren't invited back because of the sugar," says Martha with a laugh. "I think we weren't invited back because you wouldn't shut up about the apocalypse."

"The book was about the apocalypse." Wade had read it in

a day. Margaret Atwood's *Oryx and Crake*. He was surprised by how much he enjoyed it.

"Really?" says Martha.

"You didn't read it?"

They look at each other and then both laugh. Wade feels relieved to laugh with his friend. She is gentler when she is smiling.

"I'm impressed. You argued very well for someone who had no idea what she was talking about. Why would you join a book club and not read the book?" he asks.

"I was bored, I guess. I'd just gotten out of the hospital and I couldn't ski anymore so I thought I'd try something new. I didn't think they'd be so uptight about it."

"Well. I'm glad we decided to do this instead," says Wade. They cheers again with empty cups.

"You could babysit," says Wade.

"That would require you telling Kim I exist," says Martha pointedly.

"I will. Eventually."

"I hate being a dirty little secret. It's weird."

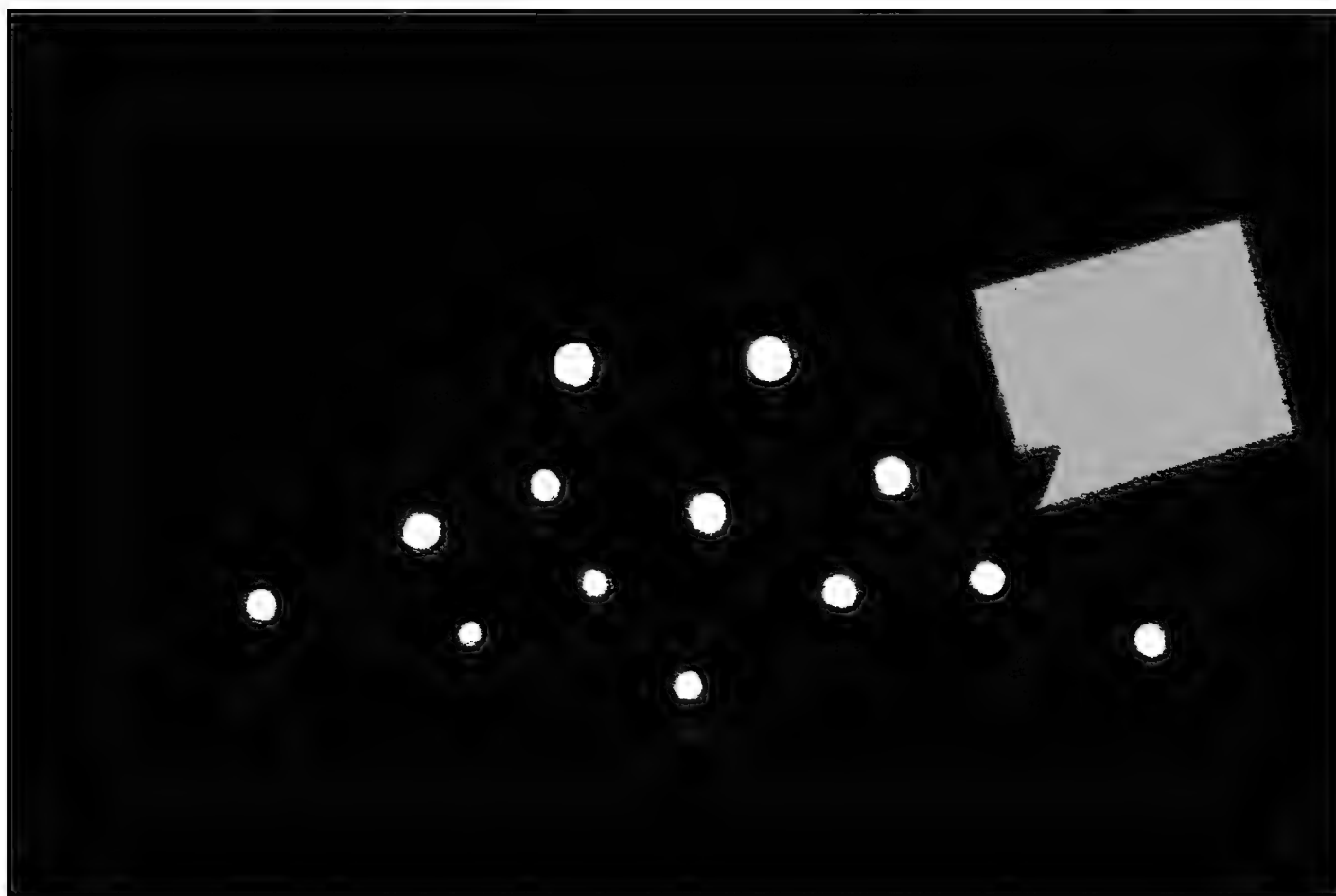
"You're not a dirty little secret," says Wade. He places a hand on her shoulder. "I just have to figure out what to say."

Martha shakes his hand from her shoulder. "Say you got kicked out of book club for being an obnoxious ass and now you go to the mall instead to be an obnoxious ass where nobody will mind. And to gamble away all of your money betting double-or-nothing on whether the world will end this week."

"I wouldn't have acted like an ass if you hadn't provoked me."

"Uh huh."

Wade picks at the cardboard sleeve on his coffee cup. "Kim



doesn't see things the way you do. If I tell her I go to the mall every week to meet with a younger woman she'll think it's something it's not. With everything that's happening with the baby, the stress of it — I just don't want her to get hurt."

Martha bristles. "You know what that is? It's an excuse," she says. "Anyone with eyes can see we're just friends. If you don't want to do this anymore that's fine, but don't place the blame on your girlfriend."

"This is harder on me than it is on you, Martha. You might be the only real friend I have. At least you have other people in your life to talk to, to hang out with. Me? I have an accounting degree, a tiny apartment, and a pregnant girlfriend I'm not even sure I love."

The word love tastes foreign in Wade's mouth. He has used it before, but only as a syllable, never as a concept. He used it when it was fashionable to do so. Today it bears meaning, consequence, weight.

"I don't have friends either, Wade. Until I met you I'd never had a conversation that lasted longer than a chairlift." Martha hesitates, considers whether she should trust him with the secret she's been hiding for the last month. "Do you know how many people came to visit me in the hospital when I broke my femur? None. They never even apologized for putting me in a car with a drunk driver."

It's strange, feeling her words hang in the air after so many weeks of going over this conversation in her head. "I know a lot of people, Wade, but they're just tourists — they all leave." She waits for Wade to answer. He doesn't. She adds, "And now you're leaving me too."

Wade sets down his cup with the now shredded sleeve. "Your

leg... I thought, well assumed, it was a ski accident."

"It wasn't."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm not."

A subtle pain pulses in Martha's leg when she thinks about the crash. The memory is hazy. She remembers the smell of booze, the sound of laughter, the red and blue lights, and the cold air. Did it snow that night?

An employee at Bath & Body Works slides the metal gate across the entrance. The stores will be closing soon.

"I'm not going to abandon you, Martha," says Wade. He puts an arm around her in a sideways hug. For a brief moment she allows herself to lean into him.

A vague heaviness settles in Wade's legs and in the space under his eyes. He realizes that he is terrified. What if the world doesn't end?

Martha pulls away and Wade lets his arm fall to his side. "What happens now?" he says.

Martha reaches for her crutches. "I should catch my bus."

"Please let me drive you," says Wade. Martha stands.

"Not yet."

Wade stands, collects the empty coffee cups, and tosses them in the trash. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"Not yet."

An unfamiliar awkwardness hovers between them. "Same time next week?" asks Wade.

The mall is quieter now. The elderly couple Martha saw earlier walks by in the other direction. They are not carrying any shopping bags.

"If the world's still here," says Martha.

FREAKY SHIT AT THE HAWRELIAK HOUSE

BY JOSH GRESCHNER
ILLUSTRATION BY JESSICA HONG

Vaselina Hawreliak did not like cursing in her house. She kept the weeds out of her enormous garden, she cooked, sewed for and cleaned after her nine children, all the while instilling them with moral values. She died in 1967.

The Hawreliak House had since been sold, abandoned and restored at the Ukrainian Cultural Heritage Village, a first-person interpretation museum in which interpreters dress up as the people who lived in the houses and play out their lives for visitors to the site.

I played the town's British constable this past summer. My accent wasn't any good. The house where I played my role was almost as old as the Hawreliak House, but I had never experienced anything particularly creepy.

The Hawreliak House was apparently haunted. Numerous employees had heard footsteps coming from the top floor and chairs were said to have been moved around while people were gone. Creepy Canada made a low-budget segment about the house, featuring a ghostly woman in the middle of the night, rocking a crying baby in a cradle. I was curious to find out for myself.

Amin was the security guard. He was from Egypt, working in Canada to earn his Canadian citizenship. He worked as a security guard at a mall during the day, and at the Ukrainian Village at night. He didn't sleep much.

"Can I come out to the Village at night to see if it's really haunted?" I asked him over the phone.

"It is," he said bluntly.

"Why?"

"There's noises in all of the buildings. Pots and pans rattling. Footsteps. But come out if you want. Don't tell the bosses."

"What about the Hawreliak house?"

"It's freaky shit."

"Why?"

"I drive past at night, doing inspections. And one time I see lights from

candles in the windows."

"Did you check what it was?"

"Shit man," he said, "I don't want to know."

"I'll bring you something if we go inside."

"Man. You bring something really good before I go into that house."

I headed out to the Ukrainian Village in the middle of the night. I brought with me a bottle of Jameson, a pack of cigarillos and a red jersey of the Egyptian national football team I stumbled across at the Salvation Army. It was a rare find.

I parked my car and stepped outside into silence. There was total darkness beyond the orange lights on the administration building. I crunched through the snow.

Amin had left the doors unlocked for me. Inside, the administration building was completely black except for the lights emanating from under the door of the security office. I opened it. Amin wasn't in, but his keys and a half-empty pack of smokes were on the desk. Three computer screens showed what security cameras filmed around the site. It was the security guard's job to call Fish and Wildlife if any deer, moose or bears were seen. Except for a green, grainy image of an old house, the rest of the cameras didn't seem to be working. They showed empty black squares.

"Freeze motherfucker!" said Amin, jumping from behind the door. He pointed the old .38 Smith and Wesson at me I wore with my constable costume. I was slightly startled.

"Gone crazy yet?" I asked.

"It's always crazy out here man," he said.

I showed him the whiskey and the cigarillos.

"Shit," he said, surprised, then added glumly. "You really didn't need to."

"Is it really that scary?"

He sighed. "Shit. No. Let's go."

We headed out. He had to make a few rounds every night around the site in an





SUV. He told me the security company called once every hour to make sure he wasn't sleeping on the job.

We headed first to the house where I worked. The constable I played was known to be a heavy drinker. He was also suspected of physically abusing his family.

We parked in front of the house and I opened the door before Amin arrived with the flashlight. It was pitch black inside the constable's office. I felt around the desk and accidentally knocked over a small ink pot. I felt around on the desk but I couldn't find it. The house creaked its familiar creak, but it was sharper, a little more intense. It was easy to see why all the employees thought their houses were haunted.

Amin arrived with the flashlight. We inspected the 3x6 foot holding cell beside the desk. Nothing but the old honey bucket.

We went into the kitchen. The house was much more sinister in the dark as Amin shined the flashlight on individual objects, projecting their shadowy edges onto the wall behind them.

We went into the front room. It was cold. Our footsteps were the only sounds. The chairs and china were in the right places, but the lid on the piano was open. It shouldn't have been open in the winter. I remembered how I always forgot small stuff like that while cleaning the building when the house was mine. I went to look in the mirror.

Suddenly, glass smashed behind us. I froze.

"Holy fucking shit," whispered Amin. "That came from the office."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Nothing."

I went back into the office.

"Come with the flashlight."

The small ink pot had fallen on the floor, splattering ink everywhere.

"I just knocked it over when I came in," I told Amin. "It just rolled off the desk."

The small jar had dropped from the desk a few times before, but it had never broken.

"Let's get out of here," I said.

We got back into the SUV without a word. It started after a couple twists of the key. Amin was obviously distraught.

We drove along the path between the office and the Hawreliak house, when I heard something.

"Shh," I said.

"What?"

"Stop the car."

"No, man."

"Shut the car off."

He did. I heard the shrill ring of a telephone in the distance.

"When's the last time the security company called?"

"They only call me on my cell," he said, showing it to me.

I listened again.

"Did you hear that?"

"What?"

There was nothing.

"Freaky shit," I said.

"Yeah freaky shit. Let's go back now," said Amin.

"Not yet. I want to go in the Hawreliak house."

"No frickin way man," Amin said.

I pulled out the red football jersey.

His eyes widened. "Holy shit. How much did you pay for that?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Don't be scared. I got this for you so I can go inside. You don't have to come."

"Please don't go in man."

"Sorry," I said, grabbing the flashlight.

He followed me. I had the key, and as other employees told me I had to do, I asked the mother for permission to open the door. It unlocked easily.

In the summer, there was always food on the long table in the kitchen. Now it was bare. I shined the light on the stove, the wall telephone, the cradle. Nothing unusual.

Amin arrived breathing quickly. He held resolutely onto the doorknob. I walked into the different rooms, listening for a few moments.

"Finished?" Amin interrupted.

"I need to go upstairs."

"Why?"

"Because you don't do your job."

"Come one man," he implored. "Fuck this, let's get out of here."

I slowly, carefully climbed the stairs. Some creaked. All the doors of the rooms upstairs were open. It was all dark to the end of the hallway; I couldn't see anything. I went inside the first bedroom.

The bed was made immaculately. Clothes were nicely laid out; small, brown shoes ready to wear.

"Holy fucking shit!" Amin screamed from the bottom floor. I turned to the door, but I heard footsteps running down the hallway and the door slammed in front of my face. I jerked and tugged the doorknob and hammered the door. It wouldn't open.

I was only told later that the mother didn't like swearing in her house.

HOW TO BE A BETTER ALLY

By KATE BLACK

Ever since pre-school, we've learned to walk a mile in our neighbours' shoes. But how can we effectively support someone's situation that we've never experienced ourselves?

An ally is a person who wants to fight for the rights of a marginalized group that they're not a member of. But being an ally isn't as simple as updating your Twitter bio — it's an ongoing process of self-education and hard work. Here are some handy tips on how to be an active supporter of a community.

CHECK YOUR PRIVILEGE.

No, seriously. Having privilege means that there are some things that you'll never have to experience in life simply because of who you are. Your gender identity, your social class or the colour of your skin, for example, may afford you easiness in some situations, while those characteristics may detriment others. And just because parts of your identity are privileged doesn't mean that you don't face hardships in other parts of your life.

It's natural to feel defensive once you confront your privilege. Remember, though, that privilege is not inherently bad, but how you act on it can be. You can use your place in society to support those in a different situation.

COMMUNITY COMES FIRST.

Melissa Fabrizio, Communications & Events Coordinator of the U of A's Institute for Sexual Minority Studies and Services, says that while there's many personal reasons to becoming an ally, the community's needs should come before your own: "It's not about you. It's about the community."

STRIVE FOR SELF-BETTERMENT.

Acknowledge that being an ally is a constant process — declaring that you're an ally isn't enough. There's always room for growth!

According to Vernon Wall, in *Beyond Tolerance*, allies go through a process of "coming out," similar to the process that those who identify as LGBTQ may go through. The Riddle Homophobia Scale categorizes this transition into eight broad stages: repulsion, pity, tolerance, acceptance, support, admiration, appreciation and nurturance.

This process may begin with the "repulsion" phase, where the individual sees the group in question as a "crime against nature." This process eventually resolves in the "nurturance" phase, where the individual assumes the group in question is an "indispensible" part of society.

INTERRUPTING OPPRESSIVE BEHAVIOUR.

Actively joining in on, or having no response to an oppressive behaviour — like a joke made at a marginalized group's expense — only works against inclusion. Mary McClintock, in "How to Interrupt Oppressive Behavior," suggests voicing your disapproval along with educating people, like saying "That's not really funny because it's like saying LGBTQ people aren't worthy of real respect." Further, McClintock suggests initiating your own, or supporting others' proactive responses to reducing oppression. This could mean anything from directing offensive joke-tellers to a helpful website, or planning a relevant workshop for your student group.

RECOGNIZE WHEN YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE...

...and acknowledge that making mistakes is okay — just make a commitment to be better in the future.

YouTube blogger Chescaleigh stresses the importance of impact over intent in her video "Getting Called Out: How to Apologize": "It doesn't matter what you meant. What matters is the outcome of what you said or what you did."

Chescaleigh offers some solid advice on how to apologize, too:

- **Bad apologies:** Avoid saying things along the line of "Sorry that you were offended" because you're placing the blame on the person who was offended.

- **Good apologies:** Take responsibility for what you've done, and make a commitment to change that behaviour. If you want, throw in a "thank you." It can be scary to call someone out.

EDUCATE YOURSELF.

It isn't the responsibility of the community you're allying to educate you. Take initiative to constantly deepen your knowledge to educate yourself and others. Stay up-to-date on the news affecting the community and get your news from a variety of sources — and even better, read material written by members of the community itself. Knowledge is power!

RESOURCES FOR ALLIES:

- Shrub Blog Resources on Privilege: blog.shrub.com/check-my-what
- Institute for Sexual Minority Studies and Services: ismss.ualberta.ca
- Chescaleigh YouTube channel: youtube.com/user/chescaleigh
- The Anti-Oppression Network: theantioppressionnetwork.wordpress.com

QUICK TIPS:

- Don't assume everyone you meet is heterosexual, able-bodied or of a certain ethnic or socioeconomic background based on their appearance. Likewise, don't be surprised if someone "comes out" to you.

- Avoid phrases like "this is my gay best friend" — humans aren't accessories.

- Treat everyone as a unique individual. Although people may be a part of the same marginalized group, all individuals come from diverse backgrounds and all experience their privileges and oppressions differently.

WORDS OF WISDOM “WHAT DO YOU KNOW TO BE TRUE?”

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSICA HONG

Douglas Stewart

ENTREPRENEUR



“While our time is limited, the number of tries we can take rarely is.”

Jessica Nguyen

STUDENT



“I’ll let you know when I figure it out. In the meantime, the search continues.”

Craig Martell

COMEDIAN



“If you live a well-rounded life, you’ll find drugs, fucking lots of people and money aren’t all that important.”

Yvette Thompson

YOGA INSTRUCTOR



“Vulnerability, gratitude, contentment and presence are the secret ingredients for happiness.”

Doug Hoyer

MUSICIAN



“The only truth that I know is that I know nothing.”

Amy Shostak

IMPROVISER



“If I am scared, I should do it.”



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